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IRELAND'S UNIVERSITY.

II.

AS I have said in my last article, Irish Catholics differ in their view of the probable effects of their sons taking possession of Trinity College by pouring themselves into it,—swamping it, if you will. There are some who point to Oxford and Cambridge, where English Catholics now go, and under episcopal sanction. Naturally, the reply is made, that English Catholics are, in their country, a small minority. And then it is urged that since the Irish bishops anyway are against Trinity College, it is better to do all that is possible to obtain something else, some means of highest education for the majority now brought by secondary schools up to a university ideal which they cannot realize, and spreading themselves abroad as unhappy *manqués* and *déclassés*. That was the basis of Matthew Arnold's appeal against his English Liberals as quoted above: the Irish Catholics, he said, will not, or cannot, go to college with non-Catholics; therefore give them a university of their own; better have educated Catholics than Catholics uneducated; cease to come over us with your sayings about undenominational education; education is what we aim at; give it in whatever form is possible. To this the retort has now come that the English bishops were, not long since, just as much opposed to English Catholics going to Oxford as the Irish bishops are to Irish Catholics going to Dublin. Cardinal Newman no doubt had other thoughts; although he was even from his early days the apostle of the supernatural judging of things, and the preacher of "The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World." But Cardinal Manning was ready to lay down his life for keeping his people from his old university. It is impossible to exaggerate,

when speaking of the strength of this pleading of his,[1] against "powerful influences, . . . against the solicitations of amity and good will, . . . and the promptings of old affection." More than that, he had recommendations and decrees in his favor from Rome: against even the "establishment of Catholic Colleges at the universities"; as being "proximate occasions of mortal sin." The Catholics, the Church said, are not to go to Oxford and Cambridge. But there they are to-day—about fifty undergraduates at Oxford—smiled on by Rome, blessed by the Church; and their "Catholic tone beginning to tell," says a highly placed English priest; though they have no special College, but are dispersed throughout the universities.[2] What has been, and may be again,—so it is murmured. Nay, it *has* been, in part, already, even in Ireland, not to speak of the recent hints alluded to above, of further change of face; for, fifty years ago, Dr. Newman could say: "Ecclesiastical authority . . . has interposed in favor of a pure university system for Catholic youth, forbidding compromise or accommodation of any kind. Of course its decision must be heartily accepted and obeyed, and that the more, because the decision proceeds, not simply from the Bishops of Ireland, great as their authority is, but the highest authority on earth, from the Chair of Peter." The Irish bishops to-day no longer forbid a compromise: they have yielded, they say, to prejudice; and they no longer ask a purely Catholic university. And truly, as Dr. Newman had just said:

"It is no principle with sensible men of whatever cast of opinion, to do always what is abstractedly best. Where no direct duty forbids, we may be obliged to do, as being the best under circumstances, what we murmur and rise against while we do it. We see that to attempt more is to effect less; that we must accept so much or gain nothing; and so perforce we reconcile ourselves to what we would have far otherwise, if we could. Thus a system of what is called secular education, in which theology and the sciences are taught separately,

[1] *The Office of the Church in Higher Catholic Education.* A Pastoral Letter. 1885.

[2] "The Roman Catholic community, despite the splendid church built by the late Mrs. Lyon Stephens, is not believed to be strong in mere numbers; but its leaders are much liked and respected in University circles."—"Religion in Cambridge"; *Church Quarterly Review* [Anglican]; Oct., 1904; p. 13.

[even this system, which no one would propose for us in 1904] may, in a particular place and time, be the least of evils; it may be of long standing; it may be dangerous to meddle with; it may be professedly a temporary arrangement; it may be under a process of improvement; its disadvantages may be neutralized by the persons by whom, or the provisions under which, it is administered.

"Hence it was that in the early ages the Church allowed her children to attend [even] the heathen schools, for the acquisition of secular accomplishments, where, as no one can doubt, evils existed, at least as grave as can attend on mixed education now. The gravest Fathers recommended for Christian youth the use of Pagan masters; the most saintly bishops and the most authoritative Doctors had been sent in their adolescence by Christian parents to Pagan lecture halls. And, not to take other instances, at this very time [1852] and in this very country [Ireland], as regards at least the poorer classes of the community, whose secular acquisitions ever must be limited, it has seemed best to the Irish bishops, under the circumstances, to suffer the introduction into the country of a system of mixed education, in the schools called National. Such a state of things, however, is passing; as regards university education at least, the highest authority has now decided that the plan which is abstractedly best, is in this time and country also the most expedient."[8]

But not in our time. The highest authority has already decided otherwise; that, for the university, a compromise is expedient. *Cela donne à penser.* We ask ourselves: Is it possible that Trinity College, with the two faculties of theology—the offer of which, in all conscience, must be made—with double sets of professors in religion and the matters mixed up with religion—if that is demanded—is it possible that this Trinity College of no ascendancy, but not secularized, may be approached by those who watch over Israel?

And why are any Catholics anxious to have one university for all, not merely consisting of two or more colleges, but one university, one college? Be it remembered again that such Catholics are sometimes men earnest and practical and devout, and, when in England at least, active for Catholic secondary education, and in the best books of their bishops. It need not be said that

[8] *Idea of a University*, Discourse I, pp. 8–10.

in England the Catholic clergy generally are favorable to the going to the universities there. And some of the best known Irish priest writers across the Channel have expressed themselves on behalf of the same policy for Ireland. Not that they do not wish Catholic schools and *collèges*. But the question is of a university.

We may answer for them that they wish that all be educated together, because—as the patriotic Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe says—"good feeling, mutual understanding, respect, with greater possibility of justice, if not of love, come from this common life of youth." And they would criticize this bishop for keeping back what he says he wishes to give, if he puts Catholic and Protestant youth into colleges separate, though making up one university. For, look at Dublin, the special case in point; and perhaps it is better to express the notions of those Catholics by examples such as this, rather than by giving utterance to fine thoughts about the ideal university of liberal culture; look at Dublin, the city as it stands, and Trinity College is veritably its centre. Trinity has "the best site in Ireland," as says a former vice-president of Maynooth. Opposite the old Parliament House, the College front closes a noble approach from west to east; north and south the chief thoroughfare of the city passes its gates; its grounds and park of many acres give a character and a dignity to the richest and busiest quarter. It is an outward and visible sign that the University of Dublin has been this one College. Any appended college would be as much without prestige as a new Hanoverian palace looking up to Holyrood from Edinburgh Valley, or a Huguenot chapel-of-ease across the Seine from Notre Dame de Paris. Trinity College is in possession. We must indeed build new churches when our old are closed to us; and the Mass and the Communion of Saints, which gave life to the old, give the life of all time to the new. But need we build, it is said, a university in Ireland, where we are in the majority, where the actual university is open to us, where no government makes appointment of fellows, and the university corporation is free? Suppose we send there five hundred students, and among them fifty priests; then, whatever there is of bigotry as to the Church would be rudely shaken in an old stronghold, prejudices would have to be unmade, and knowledge of a new

old sort added. *Peter Plymley* would not be an unknown book there; nor Moore's *Travels* be unheard of; nor Emmet's footsteps be untraced by hopeful youth. Burke on Ireland would have to be read in his university, and Newman's voice would at last echo in a Dublin university in fact. Well known Jesuit preachers and writers have lately been imitating from afar St. Ignatius, have sat on English undergraduate benches, and have but now taken their Oxford degrees. And, as a distinguished Catholic professor in an English university said lately, "truth does prevail, justice does find itself done." He recalled to the present writer circumstances of recent days, how a Catholic student told him about another lecturer publicly stating that the Jesuits taught, in the unlawful sense, that the end justifies the means. The professor went to this honest non-Catholic colleague, who prefaced his next class with the statement: "I am sorry I made a mistake, and was misinformed; I see now the sense in which these words are to be taken, and I believe the Jesuits have never taught the immoral doctrine, which I, in my ignorance, attributed to them."[4]

[4] Ozanam, at the "mixed" university in Paris in 1832—he was then nineteen years of age—wrote of the place where he was afterwards himself the sort of professor that never went in to lecture without praying for a blessing on his work:

"We Catholics are more numerous than I thought. I have met young men who devote their thoughts and researches to the high mission which is also yours and mine. Every time a rationalist professor raises his voice against Revelation, Catholic voices are lifted up to answer him. We have several of us banded together for this purpose.

"Twice already have I taken my share of this noble work by addressing my objections in writing to these gentlemen. We have had our chief success in ———'s class. Twice he attacked the Church, first by treating the Papacy as a temporary institution now dying out, and the next time in accusing the clergy of having at all times favored despotism. Our answers were publicly read, and produced a most salutary effect, both on the professor, who as good as retracted his words, and on the hearers, who applauded. The most useful result of all this is that it enables us to show the students of the present day that one may be a Catholic and have common sense; that one may love liberty and religion at the same time; also it stirs them up from their fatal religious indifference, and accustoms them to grave and earnest discussion. But the most interesting and consoling things of all for us young Christians are the conferences which have been undertaken at our request by the Abbé Gerbet. Every fortnight we have a lecture on philosophy and history; and nowhere does language more penetrating or doctrine more profound reach our ears. It is the immortal alliance of faith and science, of charity and industry, of power and liberty."

A few weeks later, after a serious attack on Revelation: "Thereupon we all

Catholics often have faith in the strength of truth, if fairly presented; and they fear the *collège* atmosphere where the names of great men of science could be dismissed as those of "scallywags"—I heard that—because they did not profess Christianity; and where a professor could doggedly print that as a matter of course Newman, when once a Catholic, had no difficulties—in face of the *Apologia* chapter concerning 1845, after his submission, and its frank confession as to all this unintelligible world; where, again, proof could be offered that Aubrey de Vere was the greatest of English poets, seeing that he did not ignore the highest subject of poetry, God. But thus to shut up young people from the centre of things is on a par with letting them learn that it is only irreligious "so-called science" or "self-styled higher criticism" that declares the earth to be more than a few thousand years old, or the Holy Scriptures to be full of textual difficulties and apparent moral contradictions. When those thus kept in ignorance and fear have to be let free from tutelage, they run much risk of losing their bearings; unless, may be, they wholly cease to venture forth. Besides, as to national patriotism, it is not forgotten in Ireland—and how can it ever be forgotten?—that not only were Burke, Plunket, and Grattan Protestants; but Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Davis, and Smith O'Brien; and then, Butt and Parnell; be they patriots wise or misguided. And all but the last named came out of Trinity College. And in Gaelic scholar-

met and drew up a protest, which embodied our real sentiments. It was signed by fifteen students. The audience, composed of over two hundred persons, listened with respect to our profession of faith. The philosopher confounded himself [? mistranslation of *se confondit*] in apologies, declared he never meant to attack Christianity in particular, and promised to endeavor for the future not to wound the belief of any of his Catholic hearers."

Hence their student debating society arose. "At first the scheme was to admit none but Catholics to these meetings; but it soon became evident that the debates so bright and strengthening to these young men would die out, if all were of one mind. It seemed necessary to feed them with contradictions; so the membership was extended, and soon Rationalists, Voltairians and St. Simonians flocked in, and the debates became proportionately interesting. The treatise [*sic*] on both sides, the Christian and the anti-Christian, became so earnest that the combatants had to devote all of the spare time from their regular studies toward preparing answers and attacks. So fervent an occupation out of hours was in itself a godsend to the students, exposed as they were to the dangers of a large city."—*St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly* (N. Y.); November, 1904, p. 296. (*Footnote continued on page 271.*)

ship, Todd, Reeves, and now Hyde. Nor should anyone forget that the active Irish Society of Antiquaries, with its popular summer excursions, and its well-got-up *Journal*, is composed of priests and ministers, and laymen of all creeds, who meet, on common ground, be it happy or sad, as students and respecters of the fatherland. The Royal Irish Academy is another witness to the interest in Ireland naturally taken by cultivated non-Catholics as well as Catholics. But the story of Anglo-Irish Protestantism, this many a day, everywhere reveals this interest; a side of life in Ireland which all should remember. Would it not be a side much more in view, in a university representing the general life of the country, and bending both ways its precious influence?

Then, Germany *versus* France. The contrast is now present to the mind of every Catholic who can reflect, in Ireland or out. And in Germany, the fact has been mentioned, Catholics and Protestants frequent universities together. It is to be noted now that many Catholic clerical students, too, follow their theology at the university (where there are the two theological faculties), and afterwards go for a year or so to the seminary, for further preparation for the ministry. While at the university they often have special quarters; but they mix freely with their fellow-students of various religions in the other faculties. Look at the result, men cannot help saying;[5] though it may be they do not take count of all the surroundings; and what is in Germany might not be pos-

Ozanam himself speaks of the other source of light that came to them: "We were just then invaded by a deluge of philosophical doctrines that were clashing all around us, and we felt the need of strengthening our faith in the midst of the assaults made upon it by the various systems of false science. Some of our fellow-students were Materialists, others St. Simonians, others Fourierists, others Deists. When we Catholics sought to call the attention of those wandering brothers to the marvels of Christianity, they said to us: 'Yes, you have a right to speak of the past. In bygone days Christianity did, indeed, work wonders; but to-day Christianity is dead, and you who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? What works can you show which prove your faith, and can claim to make us respect and acknowledge it?' And they were right; the reproach was too well merited." Thus it was that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was founded. The general policy since Ozanam's day has not been to let Catholic students in France fight it out with non-Catholics, but rather to keep them apart. There are not wanting militant Catholics to maintain that this has proved a fatal policy.

[5] "The best practical argument, however, in favor of the university education of clerical students, is its adoption in those countries where Catholics are most active in

sible in France. But look at France. However, it is useless to say more about this. Except that, be it said, the Catholic universities there were frequented by only a fraction of the university pupils, from those schools until lately under the religious: these young men nearly all went to the faculties under the State, whence the Church had fled. And it has been said to me by a head of one of those despoiled *collèges*, that the up-keep of the Catholic universities (*instituts*) will be impossible. "The modern needs and cost of equipment are out of our sphere." Yet, far greater sacrifices would naturally be made to carry on these *instituts*, in a country like France, where a Government appoints State-professors, and happens to be inspired by such an anti-religious passion. But in the University of Dublin the fellows of Trinity College are elected by its own examinations.

Of course, to apply generally words of a holy priest, you may look at all this in the light of the New Testament and the Imitation of Christ; and we believe we must so look at it. "But these

combating modern errors. In Germany, for instance, there are more than one thousand six hundred ecclesiastical students in State universities. . . . In the Rhineland there is Bonn; in East Prussia, Breslau; Munich and Würzburg in Bavaria; Tübingen in Württemberg; Freiburg-im-Breisgau in Baden; and Strassburg in Alsace. The students reside in the *Priesterseminar*, or in a clerical *Convikt* near the university; and their work at the university is supplemented by a special course of home instruction. Then, when they have finished their course they are kept in the *seminar* for a year in strict retirement preparing for ordination. The result of the education of the German priesthood is well known to all. The priesthood has welded German Catholics into a mighty mass which is the bulwark of the Empire against Socialism and unbelief. . . . As to the danger of the abolition of the seminary, it exists only in the minds of those who fear it. The university will be for clerics a complement and adjunct to the seminary, not a substitute for it. The student will still be obliged to spend most of the years of his preparation for the priesthood in the seminary;" *i.e.*, before going to the university, as well as after. "Even when attending the university he will live in a special residence where discipline will be strictly maintained. There he will mix with his lay fellow-students in lecture-hall and in laboratory. This is all the better, as he will thus gain experience for future life; and so the change from the strict rule of the seminary to the liberty of the mission will not be too great."—(The Rev. J. Furlong, in the 1903 *Annual* of the Irish Missionary College of All Hallows, Dublin, where that writer is professor of philosophy. Cf. *Universités allemandes et seminaires français; par M. l'abbé* [now Mgr.] *Méric.*)

At the University of Bonn four nuns registered at the lectures in philosophy last year. At Innsbruck, four Ursuline Sisters are attending the lectures in philosophy at the University.

things ought ye to have done and not have left the others undone." Nevertheless, this priest says, "what, after all, are we here for, in this world, but to save our souls?" Well, be it answered, we need not keep up that old controversy, as old as the strife between good and evil. No doubt we shall soon be in eternity; and, in one way, nothing here will matter. But the question is, what is your intellectual education for, in this world? Is the intellect, in Newman's words, "supreme in its own sphere," whether its possessor be fortunate enough to have his life also in the sphere of the Faith, or not? Is he to know his world while he is in it? Is he to understand it, to speak its language, to influence it? Sydney Smith said that the best Irish patriot was the man of one religion who had a friend of the other. An Irish leader of our time declares that the salvation of Ireland would be a rich man who would give dinners to guests of both your houses. Yet I heard the other day an Irish youth at the Royal University, who had been brought up in a large Jesuit *collège*, maintain that the great thing for them to do was to keep away from their Protestant fellow-countrymen as much as possible. I did not doubt he had imbibed that as a maxim; at least for the time of his youth. And about the same day, I read in a Catholic paper that the great objection against Catholics going to "general" universities is that they become familiar with problems which otherwise would never be presented to them. Never! Have we forgotten Newman's "We do but make the world his university"? True, Newman's plea was for a university Catholic; though in a sense that was far from the mind, we believe, of the Irish hierarchy of his time. The sad tale of the great Oxford convert's disillusion in Catholic Dublin has been as yet, it is said, but half told to the world.

What of the Catholics who have gone to Trinity College?[6]

[6] Even a Pope once greeted it, from Rome. So tells us its alumnus, Anacreon Moore: "When the Monument to Provost Baldwin, which stands in the [examination] hall of the College of Dublin, arrived from Italy, there came in the same packing-case with it two copies of this work of Spaletti [a facsimile of a Vatican MS. containing the Odes attributed to Anacreon], one of which was presented by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop [of Dublin, from 1784 to 1823] *as a gift from the Pope to the Library of the University;* and the other (of which I was subsequently favored with the use) he presented in like manner to my friend, Dr. Kearney

Some there have fallen away, more or less. But the fire of this world does not burn only within those walls. French persecutors, many of them, were reared by the Church; and many French defenders, by an indifferent or hostile State. To a Protestant going to Trinity College and reflecting a bit, it was all or nothing; generally nothing, for a time. Because he felt, in the air there, that it was unmanly to believe anything until everything had been examined. The obstinate rationality of the Faith, if fairly understood, ought, in the case of a Catholic novice, to do much to withstand any such forgetting of our mortal limitations. And so say some who have gone through as Catholics. They are conscious of difficulties, unanswerable, "utterly beyond human solution." They need not believe difficulties to be doubts, just because they have emerged from the chrysalis state of seeing no difficulties at all. Further, they say, the renewed Trinity College, with all our men there, will be still less overpowering to us.

This is a matter which would find interesting illustration up to a certain point, by examining the thousands, the tens of thousands, of Catholic students past and present, from non-Catholic universities in this country. Why did the more serious among them go? What did they lose; what gain? How many of them found what they could not get in Catholic institutions? Have they, or not, a greater sense, generally, of the limitless nature of knowledge? Or have they less interest in learning? Why do some Catholics of middle life, priests as well as laymen, acknowledge or complain of any sense of inferiority in their education, or of being placed at a certain disadvantage in knowing their world and in understanding its distress?

The two wings that lift us to heaven are purity and humility. Yet, I pray not that you be taken out of the world, but that you be kept from the evil. And strengthen thy brethren. Be *as* little children, child-like, not childish.

[Fellow, and in 1799 Provost, and later, Bishop of Ossory]. Thus, curiously enough, while Anacreon *in English* was considered—and I grant on no unreasonable grounds—as a work to which grave collegiate authorities could not openly lend their sanction, Anacreon *in Greek* was thought no unfitting present to be received by a Protestant bishop, through the medium of a Catholic archbishop, from the hands of His Holiness the Pope."

Such things, the best among them would, I suppose, reflect on and pray over; and then in the varying spirit of the words, they would resolve and do.

At present in Ireland, there *is* a fear of speaking out one's mind. "We are, of course, extraordinarily sensitive," an Irish priest avows. And to criticize clerical action is to get a reputation for being a bad Catholic. It is an uncomfortable situation, not really desired, doubtless, by the clergy as a body. But it is a dangerous, unwholesome atmosphere, and explosive in this new age. And that there is this sense, in Ireland, of lack of freedom in saying one's say; that in Ireland a good understanding between the clergy and the troubled minds of the learned or half-learned laity is a special present difficulty,—here is one proof, in the following extract, from a letter published (by "D. W."), in an *English* Catholic paper:—

"But, does anyone, priest or layman, want a clerical University or University College? The clerical witnesses before the Commission disclaimed such an object. The most they sought was a security that Catholic dogmas should not be impugned. The lay witnesses 'followed suit.' . . . Go where you will, among Catholics high and low, learned and unlearned, you hear the same cry, 'We do not want a clerical University.' And the remarkable thing is that the cry is loudest with old students from the [quondam] Catholic University, with graduates of the Royal taught at the Catholic University College, and with some of the leading men connected with the excellent Catholic University School of Medicine."

And then the writer goes on to declare for the other College with Trinity, in the University of Dublin: the wish, so we noted above, of a late Catholic episcopal speaker on the subject, and one of the schemes which the episcopate as a whole has stated its willingness to accept. It is a scheme favored also, we saw, by the head of the Anglican body in Ireland. It was smiled on by the Anglican bishops in England, and by a great part of the English press. It was frowned on furiously by those who have triumphed in Trinity College. It has been abandoned, at any rate, until the next political exigent. And so this is a time to think of the something else that might be made possible, whose

possibility has been now hinted at on both sides. But this Irish layman's words are:—

"We have had two schemes under discussion,—a College in the Royal University, and a College in the University of Dublin. The latter finds favor with the Dublin middle class (professional men, officials, etc.); and when I have ventured to ask the grounds of the preference, I have been uniformly told that a college in the Royal would be too much under episcopal control, and that the lay element would have a fairer chance in a college in the University of Dublin. This view is held, not from any anti-clerical tendency, but because Catholics feel that lay influences, lay experience, lay methods and practices in University education are necessary to enable them to compete with the Protestant laity. They see—they have at last come against their will to see—that in business careers, where there is no question of University teaching, and where the preliminary education for both sides, Protestant and Catholic, is purely secondary, the Catholics educated in clerical boarding schools have been hopelessly distanced by the Protestants taught in lay schools. There is not a business street in any city or town in Ireland that does not testify to this. Penal laws and legal restrictions do not account for it. We were the leading merchants in Dublin, Cork, and other towns a hundred years ago. Where are we now?"

As to Trinity College, the writer is thinking of it, only as unreformed, and irreformable:—

"We cannot accept Trinity. It is not, perhaps, at the present day an orthodox Protestant institution. Dogma, it is well known, does not flourish outside its Divinity School, nor is it very flourishing there. But it is openly, coarsely and aggressively anti-Catholic, and we have not wanted flaming evidence of this within the last year. In addition, its methods, which imitate Oxford and Cambridge at a respectful distance, are quite unsuited to the day. Let us say nothing about the wanton attacks some of its lights are constantly making on Irish sentiment.[7] We shall be told that this is not business, although it is a business that will cost Trinity dear in the long run."

[7] "I am quite willing to believe that these writings do not represent the best element in Trinity College," are some words of the Bishop of Limerick.

And we have now been able to quote Dr. Mahaffy at the Mansion House instead

Strange, but significant, that he should see fit to add to such a letter:—

"You will say, 'Why not write all this to an Irish Catholic paper?' The reason is that there is no freedom of discussion in our Irish Catholic press. So much the worse for us in many respects. If we were not deterred, by means well-understood at this [Irish] side of the water, from discussing, in our Catholic press, matters involving religious issues, the hierarchy would know a great deal more of the movement, the strong and deliberate movement, which is taking place in the laity; and furthermore, irate Catholics, lay and clerical, would not be incensed into carrying on laundry operations in the Dublin Protestant press."

For, what has this writer said? That Trinity College is impossible; that the best plan is to have a college with Trinity in *the* University for Ireland. That he finds himself agreeing with priests and bishops in being against clerical control; though he would have the hierarchy nominate some of the governing body of the new college. That the present state of Catholic education in Ireland is ruining us.[8] And that laymen like him have nothing in them of *anti-cléricalisme.* And yet, though he says what bishops have said, and says it almost as they, his feeling, anyway,

of from the *Nineteenth Century*. The language even from the Provost's house is not the same as under an older régime.

And anyone who has been through Trinity College knows that certain little things in verse and prose do not represent the tone within the walls. Though as long as other voices did not make themselves heard, no wonder Catholic bishops spoke as if students in a minority met there with an insolence and an intolerance which were really quite unknown.

[8] "Now and again, in relation to individuals in some public departments, a glimpse of the truth dawns on the people. They see, for instance, the great prizes under the Crown—such as appointments" [by examination] "to the Indian Civil Service—fall to Englishmen and Scotchmen, while young Irish Catholics, as a rule, can aim no higher than the [examination for the] Excise and Customs. They see the Royal Irish Constabulary, as to four-fifths of the men, Catholics; and Protestants in the same proportion amongst the [examination appointed] officers. Even a wider revelation of their state of inferiority comes to them when the Chief Secretary puts forward the general ignorance or want of education of Catholics as the reason for not appointing members of our religion to governmental offices."—*A University for Catholics in Relation to the Material Interests of Ireland.* By the Bishop of Limerick. Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 2 Lower Abbey Street, Dublin.

is that he cannot express himself in Ireland. Now, that would be weighed. These things ought not so to be. We are led, because of them, to recall Cardinal Newman: "My maxim has been that it is better to make mistakes than to make nothing; and that nothing man can do is without mistakes. . . . Unless our authorities have faith in their laity, unless they give writers elbow-room, they will succeed in no able refutations of infidelity, or rather, I should say, in no sufficient. Men won't fight well under the lash. Such smaller mistakes as Catholics may make may be set right, while what is good and serviceable will remain." "D. W." might have been reassured in part by Father P. Finlay, S.J.'s, paper at the last Maynooth Union of priests, advocating lay activity, as in the Middle Ages, in so many things now under purely clerical control in Ireland. Must it, however, be taken for granted, that this present paper, *a fortiori*, could hardly find expression in the country with which it presumes to concern itself? For it goes further, and tells of the desire, even in men without thought of disloyalty to the Church, to take Trinity College, the *de facto* University of Dublin, and to make it what it professes itself (if half unwittingly) only too ready to become; and that is, a University, free, national, progressive, even democratic, with nobler ideals than it has yet known, with a spirit more generous, an outlook that is worldwide, a temper trained to finer issues, strong in principle, in practice tolerant; at its heart there being the leaven of Catholicity.

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Correction.

In the first part of this paper, as published in February, in the middle of p. 215, should be read: "*This ideal, that a Catholic bishop and a Protestant archbishop have, —let us realize it, by all going to Trinity College, and making it what it says it would be.*"

The text, as it stood, makes an unwarranted statement, as indeed the quotations from the prelates concerned would show.

LEX AMANDI.

II.—The Call of the Perfect.

My elect, I have even called thee by thy name.
—Is. 45 : 4.

THE OBJECT.

AS the different states of the individual soul are ordinarily put into three categories,—bad, good, and better; so is the mass of human beings ordinarily classified under the same three headings. As the whole system of sacraments and grace is directed toward lifting the soul out of the state of reprobation into the at least primary condition for salvation, so the whole medium of Christian effort is engaged upon the one task of drawing the bad up into the state of the good. The desideratum of Christian ambition would often seem to be no other than the accomplishment of this task; let it only succeed in leveling humanity up to this standard and the design of God for the salvation of the race is accomplished. The small class of souls that would choose a standard higher than this must be set apart from the rest as beings of another order, demanding separate and peculiar conditions of their own, conditions that must differentiate them still more than they inherently are already differentiated from the other two classes of the good and the bad.

The precedent for setting apart that small number of souls who have chosen the better way is based upon the Gospel teaching of counsel and precept. Narrowly construed, the common interpretation of this teaching is that to choose to live by precept exempts a soul from living by counsel; and that a "call" to live by the counsels essentially differentiates a soul, both in the motive and the condition of its life, from those who live by precept only. This classification of the life of counsel and the life of precept has created some strange misapprehensions in regard to the essential character of a call to the perfect life.

While the mystery of the Divine election of souls may never be apprehended by human intelligence, the singular Providence which ordained that it should remain a mystery must be clearly apparent to us. If this mystery forever prohibits us from know-

ing why there are a few chosen of God, it likewise leaves us in doubt as to who these chosen ones are; and it is this doubt which places us under the peculiar obligation of aiming at nothing less than the highest point of perfection of which we are individually capable. Even St. Paul, who could surely claim some proof of the certainty of his own election, pursues no other method of attaining to it than this. *"Brethren, I do not count myself to have apprehended. But one thing I do: forgetting the things that are behind, and stretching forth myself to those that are before, I press toward the mark, to the prize of the supernal vocation of God."*[1]

But has no sign been given to us whereby we may know the measure of our own capacity for fulfilling the obligation of this unfathomable mystery? There is a sign so simple that none may miss the meaning of it, once the answer has been given to this question; yet each must seek his own answer, for none can interpret the terms of that answer to another. In one of those old-fashioned novels of the last generation that were designed as a religious treatise, though framed as a story, the heroine asks, "What is a religious vocation?" and the reply given to this question by the author contains a unique and illuminating definition of the character, condition, and aim of the perfect life. The sense of the definition is this: the sign of a religious vocation is a *precocious* conviction that God only is the Supreme Good now and forever; a conviction so overmastering, once it has taken hold of the intellect and will of any soul, that nothing in this world can stand in the way of its impetuous desire to reach this Supreme Good over the shortest road that may be taken to it.

There has never been a human soul to whom this conviction that God is the Supreme Good was not destined to come as the climax of all its knowledge and experience either in this world or the next. But the difference in souls is marked by the period of time it takes in the life of each for this conviction to come home to it. It is this varying period of time which makes the difference between the reprobate and the saint, between the saved and the lost. Some fill the measure of human experience to the brim, taste all earthly joys, test every human possibility for finding a supreme good less than God, and then accept this conviction in

[1] Phil. 3: 13, 14.

the end, perhaps only out of the desperation of their disappointment with all things else under the sun.[2]

Still further beyond these are those to whom this conviction never comes within the period of their earthly experience, who do not accept its awful reality till the judgment of their denial, or rejection, or forgetfulness of it breaks upon their immortal souls at the end of their mortal career.

Yet neither by experience, nor knowledge, nor judgment, does it come to some; through no human medium does it seem to conduct the mysterious force of its overmastering conviction to the heart and mind of a few chosen ones. To others—perhaps to them—it seems to have come out of time, and in its strange demands upon the soul of its election, out of order, too. It is out of time. The strength of this conviction in them belongs to eternity; it anticipates the realities of eternity to the soul which is seized by it. It is *precocious* in its knowledge of the worthlessness of the things of time, the unreality of all good less than God. No human experience may as yet have taught it this supreme truth; but its conviction of it is so fixed and so overmastering that no test of it by human experience could increase or change it. It is as though sometime upon its soul's inward vision there had flashed a momentary glimpse of its immortal life and the supreme preoccupation of that life with eternity's great reality, the vision of God's face. His face it did not see, but, like *Moses hid in the cleft of the rock, it saw His glory as He passed by.*[3] Since that hour its life has been a quest for the recovery and possession of this lost vision—*I will rise, and I will go about the city: in the streets and the broad ways I will seek Him whom my soul loveth*[4]—an inveterate longing to behold the face of Him whose

[2] "As the pleasure-seeker may at last make experimental proof of the worthlessness of his ends and turn from the life of sense to the life of spirit; so to the idealist there often comes a day when the thought of the finitude of even his most spiritual aims creeps over him like a black cloud, 'a dark night of the soul,' filling him with weariness and *ennui.* Vanity of vanities is the verdict of the higher no less than of the lower experience of life. That we are dissatisfied, not only with what the Ideal gives us, but, by anticipation, with all it could ever possibly give us, is proof that there is a higher love-power within us which must seek its object elsewhere."—*Lex Orandi,* Intro., p. 16.

[3] Exod. 33: 22

[4] Cant. of Cant. 3: 2.

very shadow ravished it with such incurable desire—*My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall, shew me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears; for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely.*[5]

This vision, or intuition of the vision, has once for all fixed its standard of value upon the things of time as against those of eternity. It may repudiate the standard; but it can never obliterate the vision,—though it may reject it. This is why unfaithfulness to a religious call is so awful a treachery; this is why, *when a man puts his hand to the plough he may not look back*, he may never take up again, except consciously and deliberately, the lesser for the greater good. There is really no such thing as *losing* a vocation; the vision of the greater good, the better part, has been given to such souls, and it is unforgettable. But there is sometimes the wilful rejection of the standard fixed by this vision upon this world's values, and a deliberate choice of those values in place of the greater ones of eternity. The common misapprehension is that a rejection of conventual or monastic life for a life in the world, means "losing" a religious vocation. There can be no loss of a religious vocation without the deliberate choice of the temporal for the eternal, without the rejection of the greater for the lesser good; and it may sometimes happen that one who prefers a life in the world to a life in the cloister, by that very preference may have rejected what to him personally would have meant a life of lower religious ideals and less self-sacrifice than he would be free to choose for himself in the world.

Through the irresistible and traditional association of religious perfection with religious life as exemplified only in the monastic or conventual institution, we are apt to confuse the true and essential meaning of the religious vocation with a system which was designed merely to afford the best conditions for the protection and development of that vocation. A monastic or "religious" life in its very best interpretation cannot mean more than this. It neither creates nor bestows a religious vocation. Neither can it by its own rejection deprive a soul of the privilege of Divine election. *That which My Father has given Me, is greater than all: and no one can snatch them out of the hand of My Father.*[6] It

[5] Cant. of Cant. 2 : 14. [6] John 10 : 29.

simply affords the most favorable conditions for the best development of such a vocation among certain classes of souls. If these conditions prove unfavorable to certain other classes or types of souls who manifest the unmistakable signs of a religious calling, the lack cannot be said to exist in the souls, but in the conditions. Other conditions in other conventual systems may prove more favorable; or it is even conceivable that no conditions or systems have as yet been devised or created to suit the peculiar characteristics of such types of religious vocation. Such things have happened before. There were certainly numberless souls called to the perfect life ages before monastic or conventual systems were instituted. That they did not fulfil the obligations of such a calling in exactly the same conditions as were provided for religious vocations of a later period, does not prove that such vocations did not exist in their time; but indisputably proves that what is ordinarily called the religious vocation is a state of soul that is peculiar to no period of time, or place, or condition.

Let us clarify our understanding of this fact by referring to some definitions of the perfect life and the conditions for that life, written centuries ago by a monk who is not only an honored authority in his own Order of St. Benedict, but is held in high esteem by the Church as a master in spiritual science (Ven. Augustine Baker, 1575–1641). In the opening chapter of his treatise on the perfect life, he thus teaches the "obligation upon all Christians to aspire to perfection in Divine love by the ways of prayer:"

"Our duty therefore in our present state, and the employment of our whole lives, must be constantly and fervently to coöperate with Divine grace . . . but also not to content ourselves with any limited degrees of piety and holiness, but daily to aspire . . . to the *same perfection for which we were first created* and which was practised by Adam in innocence; to wit . . . a continual uninterrupted union in spirit with God.

"This, I say, is the duty and *indispensable obligation of all* Christians, of what condition soever, not only to aspire to Divine love, but also to the perfection thereof, suitably to their several states and vocations; for it is morally impossible for a soul . . . loving God deliberately and habitually . . . to stop in any inferior degree of love

to Him. The frailty of nature may hinder most souls from attaining such perfection . . . and union with God . . . but nothing but the want of true love will hinder the aspiring thereto, according to the measure and strength that each soul in her order enjoys."[7]

It should be noted that the author of this teaching has started with the premise that the perfect life is fully and unconditionally defined in the terms, "perfect union with God;" and no one has ever authoritatively improved upon that definition.

"What is it, therefore, that a soul truly called by God to enter religion looks for? Surely not corporal labors, not the use of Sacraments, nor hearing sermons, etc. For all these she might have enjoyed more plentifully in the world. It is, therefore, only the union of the spirit with God by recollected constant prayer, to the attaining of which divine end all things practised in religion do dispose.[8] . . . To gain this happy state a . . . soul enters into religion, where all imaginable advantages are to be found for this end—at least anciently they were so, and still ought to be."[9]

With this definition clearly stated, he takes up the consideration of the different conditions in which this union may be realized; yet never, throughout a long series of chapters in which he analyzes and weighs every possible circumstance and quality of perfection, does he confound mere conditions for progress in perfection with perfection itself.[10] Very carefully does he correct misapprehension on this point: "Although all Christians are obliged to aspire to perfection, and to lead spiritual lives, . . . yet the

[7] *Sancta Sophia*, First Treatise, First Section, Chap. 1, §§ 10, 11.

[8] *Ibid.*, Sec. 3, Chap. 4, § 5.

[9] *Ibid.*, § 8.

[10] A curious contrast between the primary notions of the perfect life held by ordinary Christians in general to-day and those of the fourteenth century, is pointed out by Father Dalgairns of the Oratory in his Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England, which prefaces Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, a treatise on the perfect life written about two centuries before Father Baker's: "It tells much for the spiritual life of England that in the fourteenth century such a treatise as the *Scale of Perfection* should have been written . . . and evidently had a wide circulation. The number of existing manuscripts scattered through various cathedral and other libraries bear witness to its popularity. It was high in repute with the Carthusians, and this in itself is a guarantee of its being extensively read. No order was so respected in England and other Teutonic countries as the Carthusian. . . . One of their special

effectual practice of this obligation is so very rare that in ordinary speech those only are said to aspire to perfection who have been called by God from all solicitous engagement in worldly affairs . . . and this most ordinarily and perfectly in a religious profession, or if in the world, yet in a course of life divided from and separated from the world."[11] Herein he makes it plain that the advantage of a religious profession consists, " most ordinarily," in its being "a state of competent abstraction," and freedom from "all solicitous engagement in worldly affairs, so as to make the only employment . . . the serving, adoring, loving, meditating and praying unto God, etc.," and he differentiates the advantage of a perfect life in the world in no respect whatever from that in a religious profession, if these same conditions are provided. " Not by the mere taking a religious profession or habit a person is thereby more perfect than he was before, but because by renouncing those distractive impediments which are in the world he puts himsel into a condition in which he not only may far more easily aspire to the perfection of divine love, but moreover, by assuming such a state, he obliges himself . . . to approach nearer to this perfection daily."[12]

In whatever way the distinction and the difference between the conventual and the non-conventual state of perfection is defined, the superiority of the one to the other lies wholly in the advantages of the external conditions one may provide over the other for greater freedom and facility in the soul's approach to God, and not in any inherent and essential difference between

employments was the translation and propagation of good spiritual books. . . . The art of printing was as yet in its infancy when the *Scale of Perfection* was at once printed in black letter by Wynkyn de Worde, and other editions rapidly appeared. This then is the remarkable fate of this book. A treatise on the spiritual life, originally written by an obscure author in a small house of Augustinian Canons in Nottinghamshire and addressed to the most solitary of all the varieties of monastic life, is chosen to be the guide of good Christians in the courts of kings and in the world. Throughout the dismal wars of the Roses, and the more dismal reign of Henry VIII, many a heart was strengthened and consoled by Walter Hilton. . . . Now, all this is very worthy of remark. Here is a book written for a recluse, yet printed and recommended as a book of devotion, not for the cloister, but for good Christians in the world." Pp. 34, 35.

[11] *Ibid.*, Chap. 2, § 1.

[12] *Ibid.*, Treat. 1, Sec. 3, Chap. 5, § 2.

the perfection of the two states. In emphasizing the difference between the two conditions, and the obligations of the one above the other, Father Baker borrows a description from an ancient author which is almost of as much interest on account of its quaintness and originality as for its homely truthfulness: "St. Paulinus excellently illustrates this truth by this similitude. He compares the world to a dry, scorched and barren wilderness, and celestial happiness to a most delicious paradise, divided from this desert by a deep and tempestuous river, which must necessarily be passed by swimming. The securest way to pass over this river is by quitting one's clothes; but few there are that have the courage to expose themselves to the injuries of the weather for a while, and therefore adventure over clothes and all; and of them, God knows, a world miscarry by the way. Some few others (such are religious persons), seeing this danger, . . . divest themselves of their clothes, and make themselves lighter and nimbler by casting away all impediments, how dear soever to flesh and blood. But yet, this being done, it remains that they should labor, naked as they are, with swimming, to pass the river. But this they neglect to do, or take so little pains or strive so negligently against waves and stream, that all they do comes to nothing; they are in as much danger and as far from paradise as before. And whereas they glorify themselves because they are naked; that will rather aggravate their folly and make their negligence far more culpable, in that, having so great an advantage, they would not take a little pains to do that for which they cast off their clothes."—(*Ibid.*, Treat. 1, Sec. 3, Ch. 5, § 3.)

The attainment of our personal perfection, then, rests not upon our solving the doubt of our own special "call" or election to the life of the perfect, nor upon our choice of peculiar circumstances and prepared conditions in which to work out the obligations of the perfect life. When we challenge the answer to our personal problem of salvation we have put ourselves on trial, and our question can be solved only within the depths of our own hidden consciousness, where we test our willingness to accept the terms upon which we may purchase *the pearl of great price*. "The solving word, for the learned and unlearned man alike, lies in the last resort in the dumb willingness and unwillingness of their

interior characters, and nowhere else." *It is not in heaven, neither is it beyond the sea; but the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.*[12]

III.—Souls Not Systems.

> Comparing spiritual things with spiritual . . . is foolishness to him (the sensual man), and he cannot understand, because it is spiritually examined.—I Cor. 2 : 13–14.

THE MOTIVE.

There is but one obstacle recognized by all authorities on spiritual science as the most effectual check on the soul's progress toward perfection; and this is the substitution of any other object than the legitimate One as the motive of the perfect life. This may sound trite; but it is used with peculiar significance by the author of the treatise on perfection, heretofore quoted, in pointing out some of the common delusions of those who aim at *methods* of perfection, while overlooking the essential motive of it. "No wonder is it if so very few, even of those whose profession it is to aspire thereunto [to perfection], do attain unto this end, partly out of ignorance and error, whilst they place perfection in an exact performance of outward observances and austerities. . . . Most certain it is that, if in and for themselves alone and without any interior direction for the purifying of the soul they be esteemed and performed as parts of real perfection, and not chiefly as helps of internal devotion and purity, they will rather become hindrances to contemplation,[13] nourishing pride, contempt of others, etc., and be the ruin of true charity."[14]

[12] Deut. 30 : 12–14.

[13] Contemplation is used here and throughout this treatise, not in any restricted sense, but as meaning the "prayer of the perfect;" as this author elsewhere calls it, "the beginning and imperfect practice of that which shall be our eternal employment in Heaven;" yet by no means the "prayer of the perfect," as that might be commonly understood; for, as he explains, "experience demonstrates that all the most sublime exercises of contemplation may as purely and perfectly be performed by persons the most ignorant and unlearned . . . as by the learnedst doctors, inasmuch as not any abilities in the brain are requisite thereto, but only a strong courageous affection of the heart . . . the perfection of contemplation . . . consists in the fervor and constancy of the will united to God, and scarce at all in operations of the understanding."—*Sancta Sophia*, Treatise 1, Sec. 1, Ch. 3, § 3.

[14] *Ibid.*, Chap. 4, §§ 11–16.

The primary function of any system is to reduce the varied elements it contains to a state of as nearly uniform simplicity as their differences will permit. This simplicity conduces more than anything else to insure the continuous success of the system. The tendency of the latter, therefore, is inevitably toward enforcing the letter rather than the spirit. The spirit is diverse, subtile, mutable in its interpretations of the letter, according to times, place, and circumstances, constantly "renewing," "quickening," "creating" new forms and conditions, and rejecting the old ones as soon as these decay and settle into the rigidity of death. All this disrupts, disturbs, breaks up uniformity and directly antagonizes the literal meaning of the law. It is an eternal conflict, and an unequal one.[15] There is no permanent triumph for the spirit, though there is an ultimate one. *The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.* Literalness is the backbone of law, and the simpler the mind the more literal is its interpretation of the law. The result of such literalness is to reduce more and more to a state of mechanical action that free and continuous choice of the will which makes the soul's election of good so inestimably valuable. The choice being made once for all, and secured by hard and fast obligations, the freedom to perpetuate the act of choosing is no longer a real one, and the performance of it tends to become a formalism.[16]

[15] "Very sharp persecutions have almost always attended those whom God hath called to revive the true spirit of religion . . . by teaching souls to . . . place perfection in exercises of the spirit, and to esteem all other observances no further than as they serve to advance and increase perfection in spirit; . . . hence it is that the *sight of them* [how significant is this phrase!] is unacceptable to their neighbors and acquaintances, as if they did silently condemn their liberties. For this reason they are apt to raise and disperse evil reports of them, calling them illuminates, pretenders to extraordinary visits and lights; or, at least, to deride them as silly, seduced, melancholy spirits, that follow unusual and dangerous ways, . . . there cannot be a better proof of their excellence [these spiritual ideals] than that they are displeasing to carnal, or at least ignorant, men."—*Ibid.*, Chap. 4, §§ 16, 17, 18.

[16] "The . . . quality we are to look for in the soul is mouldableness, elasticity. Conformity demands conformability. Now plasticity is not only a marked characteristic of all forms of life, but in a special sense of the highest forms. It increases steadily as we rise in the scale. The inorganic world, to begin with, is rigid. . . . The animal in all its parts is mobile, sensitive, free; the highest animal, man, is the most mobile, the most at leisure from routine, the most impressionable, the most open for change. And when we reach the mind and soul, this mobility is found in its most

"It is one of the tritest of truisms that human intelligences of a simple order are very literal. They are slaves of habit, doing what they have been taught without variation; dry, prosaic, and matter-of-fact in their remarks; devoid of humor, except of the coarse physical kind which rejoices in a practical joke; taking the world for granted, and possessing in their faithfulness and honesty the single gift by which they are sometimes able to warm us into admiration.

"But even this faithfulness seems to have a sort of inorganic ring, and to remind us more of the immutable properties of a piece of inanimate matter than of the steadfastness of a human will capable of alternate choice." [17]

When the passion for individual perfection becomes diverted into zeal for the perfection of the system or the conditions which were originally designed only to serve for the perfect development of the individual, the real meaning of perfection is lost. The vocation becomes only an attribute of the system, instead of the latter being merely an aid to the best development of the former; it is then a state of life rather than a state of soul; and what contributes toward perfecting this state of life, rather than what develops the capacity of the individual soul to live the life, becomes the important business of the system. There is then so much solicitude about the *state* of life that the life itself becomes obscured; its glorious realities and possibilities are relegated to secondary consideration; the primary aim being to perfect the state itself; to contribute one's individual example, in the practices of rule and observance, to build up this splendid and imposing "organized state of perfection." "Organic unity, like the idea which informs it, is necessarily of the individual. For ideas are of the individual." [18]

The ideal of the organized religious state is of course to

developed form. Whether we regard its susceptibility to impressions, its lightning-like response even to influences the most impalpable and subtle, its power of instantaneous adjustment, or whether we regard the delicacy and variety of its moods, or its vast powers of growth, we are forced to recognize in *this* the *most perfect capacity for change*. This marvelous plasticity of mind contains at once the possibility and prophecy of its transformation."—*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, p. 269.

[17] Professor Wm. James: *The Will to Believe. Great Men and Their Environment.*

[18] *Dialogues of St. Catherine*, Preface, p. 3.

develop perfection in the individual; to make the practices of rule and observance the merely spontaneous expression of that spirit of perfection and fervor which should animate and stimulate each member. This is the ideal aimed at, but almost impossible of realization in human conditions. From the very nature of things the order of this organized state of perfection becomes inverted: the individual contributes toward perfecting the system rather than the system the individual; for the ordinary tendency of the one toward perfection is not so strong as the natural development of the other in that direction, this development being constantly stimulated through the growth of the collective experience of its members, and the increasing contributions of individual life to the great life of the system itself:—

"The Individual withers,
And the World grows more and more."

With the religious life as an organized state of perfection everywhere manifesting this vigor of growth, and offering such ideal conditions for developing the individual soul along the ways of perfection, the results in individual lives should be remarkable, —at least there should appear contrasts between the results of this higher development of soul and character, and the results of mere ordinary conditions of life in the world, striking enough to be an irresistible demonstration of the value of the one over the other as a condition for perfection. It will not do to say that these results do exist among the individuals of the religious system and not among those outside, but that they are hidden from a world which would know them not, even if they were exhibited to it. A perfect life which is called so only because it is in perfect conformity to the peculiar conditions in which it has existed, or to the spirit of its own order,[19] and is, in a sense, only a product of those conditions, could not be called a true exemplar of perfection; for the most striking characteristic of perfect souls is their

[19] "I must profess that I understand not what is meant by that so-much-talked-of spirit of an order; nor how several orders, though never so much distinguished by habits or certain external practices, if their profession be to tend to contemplation [see note on "Contemplation," page 287], can have any more than one spirit, which directs them to make their principal design to be the seeking of God."—*Sancta Sophia*, Treat. 1, Sec. 1, Ch. 2, § 80.

ability to transcend and to be independent of all conditions. Such a type could only serve as a model for those who had adopted or who admired these conditions as the ideal ones for religious perfection. It would be rather an admiration of the conditions than of the end and purpose of these conditions; and such admiration would be no more than a perversion of the true ideal of perfection.

The life of the truly perfect, no matter where it exists, must win admiration for its own inherent qualities alone, not for virtues which are creditable only to the peculiar conditions in which it was developed, and which might not be put into the category of virtues at all if the order of these conditions was reversed. Put to its very highest use, any state of life can serve no better purpose than aiding in the development of the principle of perfection in the individual soul; it can never be considered an object in itself, nor as a vocation which in itself is essentially a condition of perfection; no, not if it were made up of the solitude of St. Anthony, the silence of St. Bruno, the austerity and poverty of St. Francis, or the obedience of St. Ignatius.[20]

"It is an illustrious proof of . . . the Divine goodness to all His servants whatsoever that in truth of heart seek Him, that this state of contemplation (being the supremest and most Divine that an intellectual soul is capable of in this life or in Heaven also) should neither be enclosed in caverns, rocks or deserts, nor fixed to solitary religious communities, . . . but that the poorest, simplest soul living in the world, and following the common life of good Christians there, . . . may as securely, yea, and sometimes more speedily, arrive to the top of the mountain of vision than the most learned doctors, the most profoundly wise men, yea, the most abstracted confined hermits."[21]

[20] "How ridiculous would it be for any to boast and say, 'God be thanked, I have been so many years a professed religious person, in an Order that hath produced so many thousand saints; that hath so many popes; that hath received so many emperors, kings, queens, and princes; that hath so flourished with riches, learning, piety, etc.' As if these good successes to some were sufficient security to all, so that they should need no more than only to be of such an Order."—*Ibid.*, Sec. 3, Ch. 1, § 4.

[21] *Ibid.*, Sec. 1, Ch. 3, § 6.

Ἐρώνομος.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

Chapter XIV.—A Midnight Synod.

IT was in an old gray keep, one of the square frontier-fortresses built in Elizabeth's time, that the midnight synod was held. The castle rose from a little swell, or knoll, which probably was in ancient days the moraine of some mighty glacier that had slid down from the mountain valleys and pushed the detritus of sand and earth before it. It was built of gray limestone, and "stood full square to all the winds that blow." Here, in past ages, were entrenched the mail-clad warriors who held the whole country-side against the rapparees; and here this moon-lit, frosty night, with the snow still glittering all around, were gathered the descendants of these same rapparees, as fierce, generous, and vindictive as their sires of three hundred years gone by. Some sat on the stone steps that led to the upper stories of the old castle; some leaned against the hoary walls; and two or three were on the summit, hidden behind the parapets, sentinels against the approach of strangers or enemies. They were all young men, of the farming and laboring class. A few were still members of the White-boy *vendetta*. All had worn the white shirt in their time. Two were the sons of the Dan Lynch who was executed at the same assizes at which Edmond Connors had been acquitted. Years had wrought no change in their hearts, although time and trouble had laid heavy hands upon them. The smouldering fires of hatred were newly lighted by the startling report that had gone far and wide over the country. These boys, too, were first cousins to Nano Hegarty, Donal's future bride.

There were few preliminaries. At least, there were no synodical prayers.

"Boys," said young Lynch, "ye know what ye're here for. It has gone round the counthry that the seed and breed of that infernal ruffian, Daly, is in our midst, left here by her father and mother. And the question is, what's to be done?"

"Is that what we're summoned for?" said a young farmer, no great friend of the Lynches.

"'Tis; and isn't it enough?" hotly replied Lynch. "Do ye mane to say that we're goin' to stand by, and see that hell-spawn amongst dacent people who never had shame, altho' they had their fill of sorrow at their dure?"

"'Tis a quare thing, though," said the former speaker, "that we should be called upon to make war upon a slip of a child that never did nobody harm. How can she help those from whom she was got?"

"'Tis aisy fer you to talk, Connor Brien," said Lynch, "but if you knew what it was to rise in the mornin', and think of your father swung by the throat by thim Sassenachs in Cork; and he, before the High God, innicent——"

Here the poor fellow's emotion smothered him; and he could not proceed. But it had the effect of the most deadly eloquence upon his audience.

"Thrue for you, Dan," said a great burly fellow, rising. "'Tis only whin it comes home to our own dures that we feel for others' throubles."

"If I thought," said another, "that the spawn of that sarpint was amongst us, be the Holy Moses, 'twould soon go down the river, or up the sky in smoke."

"We're all of wan mind in that matther," said a peacemaker. "But, before ye go farther, wouldn't it be well to know what 'tis all about?"

"What the divil, man," said young Lynch, "don't we all know what 'tis about? Are our heads growin' onder our oxters that we haven't hard what everyone is sayin'?"

"Aisy now, aisy now, Murty," said the peacemaker. "Does anny man mane to tell me that Edmond Connors would give food and shelter to any wan of that seed, breed, and gineration?"

"They say he don't know it," replied the other. "All he knows is, that he picked up the child on a Christmas night, and kep' her out of charity. That's all."

"An' how can anny wan prove she's Daly's child?" asked another who was for peace, and who was tired enough of violence.

"There's no proof if you come to that," said Murty Lynch. "But Daly's wife wint to America without her child; and the child at Connor's was found about the same time."

"Yerra, what proof is that?" asked the pleader. "And was there anny more onlikely place on the face of the airth for Daly or his wife to put their child than at the dure of the man whose life they wor swearing away?"

"Begobs; that clinches the matter, Dan," said a young fellow, who had been hitherto silent. "Sure, in the whole wurruld, they couldn't find a worse spot than Glenanaar. Ould Ned Connors would have pitched her straight to the divil."

"But sure, man, I tell you he didn't know it; nor does he know it till this day. Thin, ye heard what Dunscombe said to his wood-ranger, just before the great snow fell?"

"No! no! what's that?" said many voices, whilst all faces were turned up expectant.

"Is it Linehan you mane?" said one, to make quite sure of the personality.

"Yes, Thade, Linehan——"

"The divil a much I'd give for what that ruffian and rintwarner would say," cried a boy who had been prosecuted by Linehan for poaching. "He is not much better than an informer himself."

"No matther for that!" said Murty Lynch, angrily, as he felt the tide of opinion setting against him, "the divil himself will tell the truth whin it suits his purpose."

"Well! well! what did Dunscombe say? Let us hear it!" cried a dozen voices.

"What did he say?" repeated Murty, to emphasize the answer. "He said he made an offer to ould Ned Connors about that child, which he'd be sorry for not takin'."

"What was the offer?" cried the incredulous ones. "It must have been a chape bargain that Dunscombe offered. He'd split hairs with the divil himself."

"He offered to take the child, and do for her, and rare her up a lady——"

"An' make a souper of her?"

"He didn't say that."

"He meant it."

"Well, I see ye're all agin me," said Dan Lynch. "But be this and be that, I'll take the thing into me own hands, as ye haven't the heart of a hare——"

"Yerra, now, aisy, Dan," cried the great big giant. "You know us as well as anny wan—— "

"I know you, Dinny; an' I know you're a man, an' a man's son."

"You know well, Dan," said the giant, soothed by the flattery, "that I'd face all the landlords, an' agents, an' bailiffs in Munster; an' if it come to that, I'd think no more of spitting one of thim thin I'd think of spearin' a salmon in the close saison. But 'tis different altegither whin it comes to talkin' of doin' away wid a little slip of a colleen that never did no harrum to no wan."

"An' who the divil talked of doin' away wid her?" said Lynch angrily. "I never mintioned it, av ye did."

"Hallo! me bouchal, is't that ye're afther?" said the giant. "Ye want to save yere own skin; and let uz pay the piper. Is that it?"

"Ye're a parcel of white-livered *kinats*," said Lynch, now losing all control of himself. "'Tis aisy to see that none of ye, nor of thim belongin' to ye, ever swung for yere creed or counthry."

"Begor you're right, Dan," said one of the "boys," passing his finger inside his collar. "That's a cravat that must be cut to be loosened. None of us ever wore it."

"'Tisn't too late a-yet," said Lynch, moving away. "High hangin' and the divil playin' is what some of ye will see before ye die. Come, Murty! Come, Darby! All the sperrit is died out of the counthry!"

And he and his brother and the one follower left the meeting.

"Wisha, in the name of God," said one of the boys, rising up to return home, "is that what we're brought here for this cowld night, whin we ought to be in our warrum beds? Begobs, some people will soon call a meeting if they want to snare a hare or spear a salmon."

"Lynch thinks we're obligated to him and his, on account of his father," replied the giant. "An' if it wor a clear case, and somebody besides a woman or child consarned, I'd not be for backin' out of anything in fairity. But, be the hole in my coat, I'm not goin' to pick a quarrel with Edmond Connors, nor his family, bekase he chuse to take in a little gorlach of a child on a Christmas night."

"I was spakin' to his son-in-law, John Burke," replied the former. "He tould me he gave a hint to Donal, which he wouldn't have done, only he had a sup in him the night of the weddin'—an' sure if he hadn't it thin, whin would he have a right to it? An' he tould me, from the way Donal took it, he had no more idee of it than the babe unborned."

"Av coorse," said the giant. "Ould women's talk will go far an' wide across the counthry. Give 'em the tay an' the snuff, an' begob, they'll invint stories and romances for ye, as long as from here to Bantry Bay!"

"But why are the Lynchs so hot about it?" was asked. "Sure it can't be they want to revinge the murdher of their father on such a child as that?"

"No! but there's another weddin' comin' on, I'm tould," was the reply. "Donal Connors is bringin' in Nano Hegarty from out there beyant Ardpatrick; and sure she don't want any wan to share the flure wid her."

"Thin Owen and the sisther go out, I suppose?"

"Av coorse they do. An' av she could turn out the ould couple wid them, she'd think no more of it than of saying, *Hurrish!* to the pig."

"An' that's Dan Lynch's game, is it?" cried the others in a chorus of indignation. "Wisha, thin, bad luck to him, the naygur, to think we wor goin' to lind oursels' to help Nano. 'Twill be manny a long day afore we come to a meetin' of the Lynch's again."

And the boys dispersed, one by one, and each taking a different pathway across the snow-enveloped fields.

The great giant, Thade Ryall, and one young lad who always accompanied him, lingered behind.

"Have you a steel and flint about you?" asked Thade.

"I have," said the boy, searching his breeches pocket.

"An' a piece of spunk?"

"Here you are! 'Tis dyin' for a dhraw I am myself this could night."

Thade Ryall lit his pipe by striking fire from the flint and steel and catching the spark on the spunk, and smoked for a long time leisurely. Then he handed the pipe to his companion, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he remarked:—

"I'm thinkin' to-night's meetin' won't ind here!"

"I'm thinkin' the same," said the other, reluctantly joining in the dialogue.

"What are you thinkin', Jem?"

"I'm thinkin' I'd like to hear you talkin', Thade," said Jim, innocently.

"'Tis a pity the weed is not grown in Ireland," said Thade. "What a manifacturer and conshumer and gineral daler you would be!"

"Go on, Thade! Go on!" said Jim, economizing every valuable moment.

"The top of a rick of turf, a sunny day, and the wind from the South to timper it, and a well-blackened dhudeen, and the tin box full,——"

"Shtop, av ye don't want me to shtrike you! What the divil do ye want grigging a poor fellow like that fur?" said Jim, as the delectable vision rose up before him, and the stern contrast was all around.

"Well, as I was about saying, whin ye interrupted me wid yere minanderings," replied Thade, "I don't think the Lynches will shtop their hand afther to-night."

"What can they do?" said Jim.

"What can anny wan do whin the divil inthers into him? Whin I kem out that moon-light night tin years ago, d'ye think I had anny notion of drivin' thim slugs through the A'miral's carriage? An' av I knew his daughter was wid him, don't ye think I'd sooner turn the muzzle upon meself?"

"Whist!" said Jim, cautiously. "Do ye hear nothin'?"

"Nothing at all," said Thade, unconcernedly. "And whin you, Jem Cassidy, as good and religious a boy as ever broke his mother's heart, lie in wait that night for George ——"

"Whist, for God's sake, whist!" said Jim, rising up. "The walls have ears. Here's yer pipe, and bad luck to ye wid it."

"I thought I'd get it out of ye," said Thade, coolly smoking. "Nothin' but wan thing could take the pipe from your mouth, Jem!"

"But what were ye saying about the Lynches?" asked Jim, crossly, for he felt he had been cheated.

"Nothin' pertickler, 'cept they won't shtop there."

"Ned Connors is a dangerous man," said Jim.

"I know a more dangerous man," said Thade.

"Who?"

"Donal Connors. He's the wan man I'd be afeared to meet, av his temper was up."

"I think I'll put him an his guard," said Jim. "He did manny a good turn for me."

"You can't," said Thade, sententiously.

"Why can't I?" said Jem.

"Haven't you yer oath, you ruffian?" said Thade. "Didn't ye sware on the crossed shticks not to revale iss, aye, or no, that 'ud happen here?"

"Thrue for you, begobs," said Jim. "Shure I forgot meself. But it will be no harrum av I have it convayed to Donal, that he may expec' a visit, but that they won't shtay long?"

"Well, that's another question," said Thade, balancing the morality of the thing in his mind. "It's wan thing to tell, another thing to convay. Well," he said at length, "I suppose you may; but don't let the Lynches ever hear it, av ye vally yer life an' don't care to be tied to the settle."

"Are ye done, Thade?" said Jim. "It's mortial cowld here."

"Take another shaugh," said Thade.

"N—no!" said Jim. "But I'll take the lend of a loan of your 'baccy-box, till to-morrow. Ah!" he said lovingly, as Thade handed him the little flat tin box. "Sure, 'tis atin' and drinkin', and sleepin'—all thegither!"

A few nights later there was a little scene at the forge. A few of the boys met as usual to talk over events; and the conversation turned upon Nodlag.

"Whatever they say, the Lynches are right," said one, lighting his pipe at the forge furnace.

"They might be, if they could prove theirselves," said another.

"That's just it!" said a third.

"No wan manes anny harrum to the girl," said the first speaker,

"but it is clear this is no place for the likes of her aiquals, afther all that occurred. Begobs, people have their feelings; and tisn't Ned Connors should go agin them whatever tie he has in the girl."

"The right thing would be to frighten him, without hurtin' him; and let him sind her on the road, where he picked her up," said the first.

Red Casey was swinging his sledge with great strokes on a horse-shoe that was held red-hot by a boy with long, forked tongs. He caught the conversation, however; and lifting high the sledge in the air, he said:

"The man that puts a wet finger on that girl, by G——, I'll smash his skull as aisy as I shtrike that shoe."

He brought the heavy sledge down with a fearful thud; and the red sparks flew fast and thick all around. The boy who held the horse-shoe let it fall in terror. The rest slunk silently from the forge.

And Nodlag, the cause of all this commotion, slept calmly the sleep of innocence, and dreamed out her little span of happy oblivion till the dawn.

Chapter XV.—The Old Order Changeth.

During that eventful year, Owen Connors and his sister left the old home at Glenanaar,—the former to take up a situation in Limerick, and the latter to become companion to a maiden aunt who was also her godmother, and from whom great things were expected, as it was supposed she had "lashings of money." The great snow had disappeared, reluctantly enough, as even far into the month of May white patches could still be seen, nestling in ditches and deep down in ravines where the sun could not pierce. But the roads and byways were open; and the spring work progressed gaily, the ground being softened and warmed for the plow and harrow by the genial influence of the snow. Except for the departure of Owen and his sister, there was very little to trouble the peace that always slept over the cottage of Glenanaar; and even this sundering of ties, as close as life itself, was accepted with that mute resignation so closely resembling the aspects of

fatalism which has always been a characteristic of the Irish peasant.

Donal's marriage took place a few weeks before Advent. It had been deferred for many reasons; for a little difference about business details in Ireland is often the occasion of the "breaking-off" of a match or, at least, of considerable delay. And the Hegartys were always notorious at driving a hard bargain. The families had met at fairs in Kildorrery, Kilfinane, and elsewhere; had spent hours in public-houses, arranging, debating, changing, and settling the details of the marriage-contract. At length it was decided, according to the singular but universal custom, that the old people should surrender the farm and all farm assets to their son, Donal; that they should receive in lieu thereof from the Hegartys the sum of £200; that they should have the right to a room in the house, and their maintenance; and in lieu thereof, should there be any difficulty about deciding what is meant by "proper maintenance," they should have each £15 a year; and finally, the grass of three sheep. This kind of arrangement is the universal custom. Sometimes it works well. More frequently, it is the occasion of much heart-burning. But there seems no other way of settling so complex a question. At last, after coming to an understanding on these knotty points, the great questions about Nodlag's future was discussed. It was at a famous fair, held in Kilmallock, on the eve of All Saints' Day, and known as Snap-Apple Fair, from the ancient customs and amusements connected with All Hallows' Eve from time immemorial in Ireland. There were present old Edmond Connors, now grown feeble enough, Donal, and the father and mother of Nano Hegarty. They met in an upstairs parlor of a public-house kept by a "friend," who magnanimously kept away all the other customers who were unable to find room downstairs. The usual rather squalid fencing and sparring that goes on, on these occasions, gave way before the calm, dignified attitude of old Edmond Connors, who simply made one quiet determined statement, and no more.

"Av she was wan of yere own flesh and blood, we wouldn't mind," said Mrs. Hegarty, referring to Nodlag, "altho' it is ushal to give up the place clear on these occasions. But a *thucka*, who came from no wan knows where, and who was got by no wan knows who,—begor, 'tis the quare bisness intirely."

"There isn't much use in argyin' the matther," said Edmond Connors. "As I said at the fair at Kildorrery, Nodlag must remain, and be thrated like wan of oursels."

"Can't you lave her as a servant-girl?" said old Hegarty. "We'll put her on good wages, an' you'll have nothin' to complain about. Come now, Ned, 'tis only a thrifle of a misondherstanding," he said, in a wheedling tone. "'Twould be the quare thing, out and out, an' althegither, that such a *thescaun* should stand atween us. Spake, Donal!"

"Av she was to remain as a servant-girl, there 'ud be nothin' to prevint those who are comin' in [this was the delicate way Donal referred to his future wife] to give a month's notice at anny time, and turn her on the wurruld."

"Oych! shure now, you're jokin', Donal," said Mrs. Hegarty. "The idee of Nano doin' annything that you wouldn't like; and she so fond of you!"

"Didn't she say, Kate," said her husband, "when the Begleys wor comin' around matchmakin', that she'd have Donal Connors, and no wan else in the wide wurruld; and that she'd rather beg the whole wurruld wid him than wear silks and satins wid others?"

"Indeed'n she did," said Mrs. Hegarty. "An' more'n that. She often said to meself, sez she, that she'd marry Donal, or no wan; and shure now here he is turning his back upon her as if she wor the blackest stranger."

"I'm not turnin' me back upon Nano," said Donal, uneasy under the accusation, "but naythur me father nor I will do a wrong thing to an orfin for anny wan."

"An' is the poor little crachure an orfin?" said Mrs. Hegarty, seizing on the word. "Sure they say her father and mother—bad scran to them!—are safe and sound in America."

And she screwed her eyes into the face of old Edmond Connors as she spoke.

"How can they say that," he replied, "whin nobody but the grate God knows who her father and mother might be?"

"Av coorse, av coorse," said old Hegarty. "But people will say the quarest things; but shure, av 'twas thrue, you'd be the last man in Ireland to keep sich a wan under an honest roof."

Donal fidgeted a little; and his father grew white beneath

the eyes. But in all other outer appearances he remained perfectly composed.

"I never mind what people do be saying," he said. "They'll let no wan pass. But what do they say, Mrs. Hegarty; for 'tis better to have the thruth out than keep it in?"

"Tell him, Kate!" urged Hegarty. "'Twill kum better from a 'uman!"

Kate couldn't see this at all. She could not perceive where the feminine element came into the matter.

"Wisha, betther let it alone," she said, pulling up the hood of her black cloak; "let there be an ind to the matther, as we cannot agree."

Then her husband assumed an attitude of great determination as of one about to make a tremendous sacrifice.

"Come, Ned," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you an' the ould 'uman the grass of anither sheep, an' a new feather-bed that was never slep' on, av you sind away that ——" Here he was about to use an opprobrious expression, but a glance from the keen, blue eye of the old man stopped him, and he added, "gorlach."

Edmond Connors rose up, a signal that negotiations were at an end, when Hegarty seized him and put him back in the chair.

"Wisha, thin, Ned Connors, you're the divil intirely at dhrivin' a bargain. We'll give in to you here. But," he said solemnly, raising his finger and emphasizing his words, "av anny harrum comes av it, the blame be yours, not mine!"

"No harrum can kum," said Donal, "excep' to those who wish harrum. An' let thim beware!"

So then it is decided by the Fates that Nodlag shall not be cast upon the world to beg her daily bread, or degenerate into the unnameable; but shall get shelter, and clothes, and food, not as a menial, but as a legitimate member of the family. For herself, poor child, now bursting from childhood into girlhood, with all its dreams, aspirations and ambitions, she knew nothing of all that men were conjecturing about her mysterious past, or plotting about her uncertain future. But she wept somewhat when Owen and his sister, amid many kisses and tears and other signs of love, crossed the threshold of the old home, which they should never

repass but as strangers; and then went about her daily avocations as usual, took up the sod of turf and her well-worn books every morning, and hied her to where the old hedge-school was hidden near the bridge that crossed the Own-an-aar, and conned over her Voster, and her Carpenter's spelling-book, and won the admiration of the old schoolmaster for her obedience and intelligence; and got back in the evening to her humble dinner of potatoes and milk and the warmth of the beloved fireside, where every day she became dearer and dearer. And sometimes the old listening habit would come upon her, and she would stop at the bridge to hear the far-off voice. Or in the middle of her lesson about the bad boy that used to say, "I don't care," she would suddenly pause and put her hand to her ear and listen; and the old man, who had heard something of her history, would look at her compassionately, and her companions would nudge one another. "There's the Fairy-Child agin listening for the good people. I wondher whin will they come and fetch her away?"

At home she was queen and mistress by virtue of her right and faculty of loving. One thing troubled her these latter days. She often found Donal watching her intently, and she vaguely conjectured by that curious instinct or presentiment such sensitive minds possess, that the advent of the new mistress would mean in some way or other a disruption of the beloved peace that always hung around this Christian household. The feeling was shared, in great measure, by old Mrs. Connors, who felt, the moment the deed assigning the farm to Donal and his future wife was attested, that her supremacy was over,—her long reign of nearly fifty years was at an end.

"There'll be changes, alanna," she used say, drawing out and combing carefully Nodlag's yellow tresses, "an' they won't be good for you nor me. But all the same, we'll be together, an' sure that's a great matther."

"Will she bate me, granny?" the child would ask.

"No, alanna. She won't, because I won't lave her. But there's many a way of killing besides chokin' with butther, agragal!"

"Wisha, don't be makin' the child lonesome wid that kind o' talk," the old man would put in. "We'll be all together, Nodlag,

till death us do part, as the Catechiz says. What did you larn to-day, alannao?"

And Nodlag would go over her whole lesson, line by line, the old man nodding his head, and putting in a word here and there.

Then, in the early winter, the fatal day came. A stranger crossed the threshold of Glenanaar as its mistress; and the old people sank down into the condition of dependents. Clearly Donal's heart was not altogether in the matter. He went about his work, but with none of that light-heartedness and enthusiasm one would expect from a newly-married man who had found the desire of a life-time. His wife, cautiously but firmly, took up the management of the little household; and quietly, but unaggressively, assumed absolute control. The old people cowered by the fireside; took their meals in silence; and submitted patiently to their lot. But one could see how the sense of her dethronement and subjection was telling on the old woman. Once or twice, through sheer force of habit, she gave little orders through the house, which were at once silently but firmly countermanded by the young mistress. Then she appealed to the filial affection of Donal to support her. But he, through a sense of justice, and possibly to avoid a chronic condition of hostility between the old order and the new, said:

"Better let Nano manage, mother! She understands the matther betther."

And the old woman bowed her head in a resignation that broke her heart. It was pitiful to see her going around the old familiar places, as if she were not only a stranger, but an intruder; to watch her face when another voice than hers gave orders to Peggy or Larry; to hear her pitiful appeal even to the beggars that thronged the door:

"I have nothin' for you now, honest man. I am as poor as yourself."

It is true the bonds between her husband and Nodlag and herself grew closer after her abdication and consequent humiliation; but every one that knows the imperious and arbitrary manner with which these grand old "Irish mothers" reigned and ruled over their households will easily understand how the new order cut into the very heart of this good old Christian mother.

The old fires gradually died out; the spirit waned; a general listlessness supervened over the former restless activity; and before the autumn came again, or rather in its earliest days, she fulfilled her own prophecy:

"Ye'll be berryin' me at the fall of the lafe."

There were fewer friends left therefore to Nodlag; but these were fast and true. She was everything now to old Edmond Connors; and Donal, for ever watching her with those keen, sorrowful eyes, was cautiously kind. His wife, bitterly hostile as she was, refrained from any open demonstration of dislike. But gradually, as a clever, vindictive woman might, she reduced Nodlag even below the level of a menial. The girl was taken from school and put to hard work. The servants, imitating their mistress, and cognizant of the secret that was no longer a secret, for the whole parish knew it, treated her with contumely. By degrees, and under one excuse or another, she was quietly kept away from the family meals, and even the servants would not eat with her. And all was arranged quietly and without offence. Donal was not blind to this. He saw through his wife's manœuvres clearly. But he had no opportunity of interfering. He swallowed his wrath in silence; and went about his work, moody and distracted. But he took every opportunity of consoling the lonely girl for her hard fate. Whenever he went to fair or market, he brought home a *fairin'* to Nodlag, sometimes a cheap brooch, or a hair-comb to keep back her rich hair; sometimes it was a *Book of Fate*, found by Napoleon in the Pyramids of Egypt, sometimes the *Key of Heaven*, or the *Garden of the Soul;* but, in some mysterious way, they rapidly disappeared, leaving Nodlag disconsolate. Once, in a fit of fury, the new mistress smote the girl across the face, and her cheek and eye were swollen. Donal asked what had happened. Nodlag would not tell. Then he called his wife into his bedroom. He was one of those quiet men who give way sometimes to paroxysms of rage.

"Nano," he said, with a white terrible face, "you shtruck Nodlag. If ever you shtrike her agin, you'll remimber it to the day of your death!"

Chapter XVI.—What of the Fates?

This did not smooth matters much for the poor girl. Her life very soon became a misery and a martyrdom. As her intelligence developed with her physical strength, she began to perceive, at first dimly and reluctantly, then swiftly and certainly, that her lot in life was a peculiar one. She had become faintly conscious of this at school, where she was isolated from the farmers' daughters around, who would have made her school-life a burden, were it not for the friendship the master evidently entertained for her. But sometimes an awkward question would be put by some stupid fellow:—

"Why do they call you Nodlag? That's a quare name. An' what's yere other name?"

The significance of that fact, that she had no name beyond a kind of nickname, gave her the first inkling of her isolation from her kind. She made one or two inquiries which were answered evasively; and then, with the ease of youth and perfect health, she forgot all about it. Now, it all came back with tenfold force; and, as she gradually understood that she had no family name, no family connections, no relatives, no friends in the usual sense of the word, her peculiar position gave her many a hard, bitter hour of sombre and melancholy reflection. For now she sprang into womanhood with that swiftness characteristic of highly nervous and sensitive organisms. She grew swiftly tall; and without a trace of weakness or delicacy, she became a jealous contrast to the coarse, heavy, lumbering figures of the farm-yard. She was, in fact, in her sixteenth year, a tall, handsome, mountain girl, who could leap the Own-an-aar at full flood, and jump lightly from the ground on the back of the tallest horse in the yard. And as her thick hair deepened in hue and became an auburn color, her long, straight features, slightly browned and freckled, took on a delicacy and refined tone that was specially exasperating to those with whom she was brought into daily contact. But all this superiority, unnoticed by the modest girl, did not tend to relieve her from the ever-painful feelings of her loneliness and isolation; and once or twice at school, and more frequently in the farm-yard and fields, she heard herself called by a name the opprobrium of which she

took long years to realize. Once or twice she approached Donal with a question; but then shrank from the dread of the revelation. She felt that she could not bear to be told of some secret shame, or misfortune, that would blight all her after-life. In her ignorance she had at least the consolation of knowing that she did love and was beloved. Why she could not say; but at least it was a salve for the ever-present sore, that whatever secret was kept in the archives which she feared to open, at least it could not estrange from her the affection she prized above all things else on earth. The suspicion that a revelation, even to herself, of that secret might force her into a conscientious disruption of those sweet ties that made all the happiness of life, prevented her from seeking a knowledge that might be fraught with evil. So she determined to remain silent, and accept the uncertainty with all its present rewards. For she could not be insensible to her own personal attractions. Instinct told her that she had great advantages, not only over these poor girls who slaved in the farm-yard, but even over their mistress herself; and modest and humble though she might be, she could not be insensible to facts that left an ever-growing impression on her imagination. Then sometimes she felt that with all the coldness and aversion with which she had been treated, and was still treated, even by neighboring families, there was somehow blent a note of admiration; and it was not altogether a maiden's fancies, or mere vanity, that made her feel that the eyes of people rested on her face and figure, going to or coming from Mass; and there was sometimes a little feeling of exultation' which died away again into despondency, when she had to pass through an avenue of cars and carts, and was ungreeted, save by that cold stare of silent admiration.

She became dimly conscious, however, that besides her friends at Glenanaar, now reduced to Edmond and Donal, there was one other spot where her presence was greeted like a sunbeam. This was at the forge down near the bridge. There was always a welcome and a warm corner for her near old Mrs. Casey, as she sat by the kitchen fire; and there was no mistaking the cheery salutation:

"*Milé failte, alannao, milé failte!* What a stranger you're becoming! We didn't see you sin' Sunday. Did we, Reddy?"

"No, mother! Nodlag is getting so big now, she has too much to do, besides comin' to see us!"

Here was a note of impatience that meant much. But it was very sweet, nevertheless, to the lonely girl, who made this humble cabin almost her home, not so much in the way of residence as by a kind of proprietary right she assumed in arranging and managing Mrs. Casey's humble belongings. For ever since she was a child it was Nodlag's invariable custom, whenever she came to the forge, to fling aside the parti-colored shawl which served as snood, and letting her long hair fall down, she would move around the little kitchen and bedroom, setting all things to rights, cleaning here and tidying there, until everything came to look spick and span under her dainty touch. And the old mother would bless her from her *sugan* chair, and say:

"If God 'ud only sind me a daughter like you!"

And the young smith, with his grimy shirt open, revealing his strong chest, would lean on his sledge with blackened arms, knotted and gnarled with huge muscles, and sigh and think:

"If that purty picture could remain, what a blessed life would be mine!"

But now Nodlag had grown to womanhood; and the jest and the laugh had died away from the young smith's lips. A deeper feeling than his cheerful child-affection had taken hold of him; and he became silent and shy and reserved. A new life had entered his veins. The great transformation had taken place. To the unconscious Nodlag the change was alarming. She could not interpret it. Old Mrs. Casey was as kind, as loving, as solicitous as ever. Her welcome to the forge was unstinted in its warmth. But the attitude of the young smith was a puzzle. Instead of the broad, deep gaze into her blue eyes, he looked at her in a shy, furtive manner; answered rather shortly, and never now performed the chivalric courtesy to which she had been accustomed since childhood, of lifting her, or helping her into the saddle. She concluded, after a good deal of reflection, that Redmond's mind was also poisoned against her; that the deep secret of her life had averted his face from her for ever. She little knew how deep a hold she had of that strong, manly heart. She little dreamed that a hundred times a day a very smutty but

not unhandsome face, crowned by a mass of rusty hair fairly well dyed with soot, stared through the little square window of the forge up along the winding road that led to Glenanaar; and that his honest heart leaped with pride when he saw her well-known, shapely figure come swaying down the white road, or bending with every movement of the white or bay horse she was bringing to his forge. Why didn't some one tell her the boy's mighty secret? Or why didn't Redmond himself speak, and solve the riddle of his future happiness for ever?

Well, he did; but not to Nodlag. He took Donal into his confidence in his shy, reluctant way.

"I think," he said to Donal one day as they smoked together leisurely after the horses had been shod, "Nodlag is not lookin' as well as we'd wish her."

"I didn't notice," said Donal, somewhat alarmed. "Do ye think she's looking badly?"

"Maybe 'tis the way she's growin'," said Redmond. "She's runnin' up very fast for her age!"

"I'm afeared she's not as contínted as she ought to be," said Donal sadly. "Thim that ought to be a mother to the lonely girl, are more inclined to be a stepmother."

"'Twould be aisy enough to betther that, begor," said Redmond.

"What do you mane? How?" asked Donal, sharply.

"I mane that me an' me mother would be the happy pair, if Nodlag could make her home here, and lave where she isn't welcome!"

"That's dacent of you, Red," said Donal. "An' I suppose you know all—I mean all that the people does be sayin'?" he corrected himself hastily.

"I do, and perhaps more," said Redmond. "An' I don't care a *thraneen* for all that the gossips can say agin her. There's not a girl like her in the County Cork or Limerick."

Donal looked at him inquiringly; and a great light began to dawn.

"Me father," he said at length, "could never do widout her. She reads for him, and sews for him, an' works for him,—that is," he said, after a pause of shame, "whin she's allowed by her supariors."

"There's somethin' in that, surely," said Redmond. "But your father, Donal, is binding a good deal, and wakening, since your mother's death; and if anythin' should happen to him, what would become of Nodlag?"

"Thin I should take care of her," said Donal.

"Av coorse, av coorse," said Redmond coughing violently, for the smoke had gone the wrong way, he said. "But you know Nodlag now is no child; an' we know what wimmin' are whin they get jealous-like."

"Thrue for ye, Red," said Donal, with a smile of meaning playing around his mouth; "but if Nodlag is no longer a child at Glenanaar, she wouldn't be a child ayther down here."

Redmond coughed again violently, until his face was as red as his hair.

"I know what you mane, Donal," he said. "But ——," here he stopped suddenly, as if to gather his faculties together. Then he continued. "But I wouldn't ask her to come here, onless I had a right."

"That means only wan thing," said Donal, reflectively.

"Only wan thing," said the smith. "If you and your father consint, I'm satisfied to make Nodlag my wife!"

"But, tare an' 'ouns, man," said Donal, highly delighted, "what about Nodlag hersel'? Have you spoken to her, or is it all arranged betune ye?"

"Never a word on the matther passed my lips," said Redmond. "'Tis you, Donal, must do the good turn for me!"

"Begor, I will with a heart and a half," said Donal, "tho' 'twould come much betther from yerself. But have you thought, Red, of what it all manes?"

"Have I?" said Redmond. "Was there anny other thought in my mind for the past twelve months but what I'm spakin' now? God forgive me! Manny's the time it came uppermost in me prayers; and even at Mass!"

"And do you think 'twill serve your bisniss?" said Donal.

"'Twill an' it 'twon't," said Redmond. "If they could do widout me, they might. But you know there's not another blacksmith within six miles!"

Donal thought long and deeply.

"You know," he said at length, "that Nodlag has nothin' but what's on her!"

"An' did I ask for anythin'?" Redmond said, half angrily "Did I mintion money, or annything else, Donal Connors," he continued. "Come now, as man to man, did I?"

"No," said Donal. "Red, you are a brave, good man, and if Nodlag likes you, me father and me will be the happy couple."

"Thin you'll spake to Nodlag," said Redmond, anxiously, "and lave me know her answer as soon as you can."

"I will," said Donal, drawing his horse's reins over his shoulder. "An' 'twon't be my fault if she doesn't say, *Yes!* to you!"

"God bless you, Donal!" said Redmond, fervently. "And may it come to my turn yet to do as good a turn to you!"

Here, then, was the solution of a good many difficulties, if Time and Fate would allow. A fair vista of an honored life stretched smilingly before the feet of the lonely girl. It was only the little *Yes!* to be enlarged and emphasized into the more solemn *I will!* and all would be right for evermore. But here come the Fates, and Chance, and Evil; and lo! down rush the clouds and rain, and blot out the sunshine and the glory, apparently for ever.

But Donal's heart was singing with delight, as he trudged lazily up the hill; and he often smiled as he imagined the surprise and the delight of Nodlag when he broke the matter to her. He turned over in his mind the hundred ways in which he would make the solemn communication with most effect. Would he broach the matter in the comic and bantering style so usual in Ireland; or would he speak to her seriously, as a father to a child? Or would he put it enigmatically, or by way of parable, pretending that it was a piece of match-making going on in another parish, and with no reference to herself, until she gave her opinion? He decided at last that this was the "shuparior plan," and he arranged his story as neatly as possible toward a successful issue.

And the young smith swung to his work with redoubled efforts, for now that he had cast the die, he was anxious for the result. A thousand times he told himself that he would be con-

tumeliously rejected; and he often regretted his smutty face and sooty hair. No girl could see beneath such a grimy appearance the pulsations of a strong, brave, loyal heart. And then again hope revived. Donal's eloquence, and her own loneliness and dependence, would do all. And as he rang his small hammer on the anvil in short, quick strokes, he knew that the musical steel echoed the word that was in his heart,—Nodlag! Nodlag! and Nodlag!

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

(To be continued.)

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

A Catholic Summary and Forecast of Its Mission.

"A GOOD, sound working theory is better than a temporary expedient," was one of the practical axioms declared from the platform of the Religious Education Association at the first general session of its Convention in Boston on February 14th. It referred to the intention of the leaders of this Association to have done with expediency, temporizing, and compromising in facing this vital problem of the religious education of the child and the youth in the great, common schools of our country. Throughout the fifty or more sessions held by the Association's various departments during its three days' Convention, the dominant note was undeniably that of a practical, unprejudiced determination to find and *define* a plan of religious education which would contain "a good, sound working theory" as its basis. Yet the subjects for discussion included in the programme of the sessions by no means limited the consideration of the general subject to only the practical or utilitarian aspects of this problem. No phase of this general subject, nor any of its numerous "side issues," but had some light flashed upon them; sometimes only enough to reveal their bristling difficulties; at times illuminating enough to show the clear road ahead out of the latter.

A slight glance at the programme will give evidence that the discussion of no problem was shirked because of its past or

present association with some thorny prejudice, or bitter reminder of old misunderstandings yet lingering perhaps in the memory of those present at the Convention, or those who were awaiting the reports of it from outside. That there had been a well thought-out plan and a deliberate intention to approach this very kind of problem squarely and without subterfuge is apparent by noting that one of the four important addresses arranged for the first general session was on the topic, "What Coöperation is Now Possible in Religious Education Between Roman Catholics and Protestants?"—the speaker for the Catholic side of this question being the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; and (inferentially) for the non-Catholic side, Mr. Walter L. Hervey, Ph.D., Examiner, Board of Education, New York City. Further on in the programme follow announcements of addresses on such subjects as "What Can the Teaching of Philosophy Do for the Religious Life of Students?" by Professor Borden P. Bowne, Ph.D., LL.D., Boston University; "The Decline in the Number of Students for the Ministry," by President Alfred T. Perry, D.D., Marietta College, Ohio; "Shall a Committee be Appointed to Report on the Curricula of Theological Seminaries, with a View to Establishing Larger Uniformity?" a discussion opened by Professor M. W. Jacobus, D.D., Hartford Theological Seminary, Conn.; "What Changes Should be Made in Public High Schools to Make Them More Efficient in Moral Training?" by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.; "How Far, and How, Can the Foundations of Religion be Laid in the Common Schools?" by Professor Edwin D. Starbuck, Ph.D., Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.; "What Moral Equipment May the Community Reasonably Demand of the Graduates of the Common Schools?" by Mr. Walter H. Small, A.B., Superintendent of Schools, Providence, R.I.; "Ethical Instruction in Day-Schools and in Sunday-Schools," by Mr. John Lovejoy Elliott, Ph.D., Ethical Culture Schools, New York City; and "Science as a Teacher of Morality," by Professor John M. Coulter, Ph.D., LL.D., The University of Chicago. The climax of "difficult" topics was reached, however, in one of the last "departmental" sessions, when the subject of religious education in Europe, its present status, and

some of its relations to Church and State, were discussed; with Germany and France as the particular fields for observation and illustration; the first being considered in its scheme of religious instruction, whereby each denominational body is allowed freedom to instruct its own children in religion at stated periods of time and place in the curricula of the common schools,—the name of this scheme being given in the address as it is applied in the German language, "Religionsunterricht, and Its Results," by Mr. Edward O. Sisson, formerly Director of Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill.; and the French scheme of education which has supplanted the religious teaching of the Church in the State schools being discussed in a paper by Mr. W. S. Monroe, of the State Normal School, Westfield, Mass., under the title "Twenty Years of 'Instruction Morale et Civique.'"

While these were the themes which would be perhaps singled out from the programme and followed with the keenest interest by those who are aware of their direct relations to delicate points of difference, disagreement, and even embittered dissent between religious and non-religious bodies to-day, their place in the programme of the Religious Education Convention is only of apparent or superficial importance, compared to that of other subjects named in the same programme whose vital relations to the real heart of the problem should place them in the first rank of topics for discussion by not only the members of this Association, but by every intelligent person whose moral and physical interests are bound up in this subject,—and the number of these persons includes humanity.

It was no more than would be expected at the convention of an association claiming to be "an educational institution"; called by one of its officers "the newest of our great universities"; and having "a staff of instructors made up of the great college presidents of the country"; with a membership composed mostly of school and college representatives, it was not surprising to find that the unit of discussion in such an assembly, or rather the great central sun round which the lesser units of discussion revolved throughout the entire period of the Convention, was "the School." In this the Association but reflects the mind of the country, and even of the world in general, in its present view of the problem of

all education, religious and secular as well. It is a strange phenomenon, this world-wide conception to-day of the most vital problem of our modern civilization, a problem declared in an impassioned address at this Convention to be greater than all the rest in the significance of its relations to our national welfare. "Bitter as is the present struggle between labor and capital, our nation's greatest peril is not the corruption which we see in municipal and national affairs; nor is it commercialism, stifling patriotism; nor imperialism, crushing out idealism. These, indeed, are great perils; but back of them, and the prolific source of all the evil, is a nation forgetting its God." And back of such forgetfulness and the most potent influence in effacing God from the human consciousness is our national fault of putting the school in the place once filled by the home in the development of the child.

But the strangest aspect of this conception of the problem of religious education is presented when we view the matter historically,—and such a view does not require research into the archives of the past, but only a mere glance backward to that generation which is parent to the one now claiming our anxious attention to this problem. Did former generations have a problem of religious education to face in the sense and in the measure we now have it? And if we have a problem greater than theirs, what are the real *causes* of that problem?—not the results of it; these are of secondary importance until the causes are rightly located and removed. The answer to this question lies in the difference between the conception of a former generation regarding the agencies whereby a religious education was imparted to the child, and the idea of those agencies which prevails among us to-day. The former generation had not a problem of religious education to settle as we have it, because they did not conceive it as we do now, or rather they did not look to the same resources as we are looking to for the religious training of the child. To them the unit of a discussion upon this subject would never, by any kind of circumlocution, begin or end elsewhere than at the *home;* as the representatives and leaders in such a discussion would never, from any kind of exigency, stand for any one less related to the child than the parent; and such representatives would view the

problems in this discussion, not as the teacher views them, but as the parent sees them.

But this displacement of relations is only consistent with the whole perverted, or inverted, order of things to-day in which the school stands as the supreme factor, economically as well as religiously, in the lives of this generation, while the home takes second place. Such men as are represented by the leaders and members of this Association would be the first to declaim against an order of things so perverted as this, if the full force of its evil significance were sufficiently apparent. But the present arrangement of these factors in human life into which they with the rest of this generation are fitted, is something which has grown with our growth; we have been as unconscious of it as of the ever widening disparity between the stature of our infancy and that of our maturity; and the only way to get the proportion is to take the measure between the two extremes. What did the home represent as a factor in the religious education of a former generation, and what does it represent as such a factor to-day? Must the lack of religious education in the child's life to-day be blamed altogether upon the lack of it in the school, when such a lack exists in the latter; or to the banishment of it from the home, which has relegated it to the school?

What may be the results of transferring to the teacher the *whole* responsibility for educating the child, in religious as well as secular knowledge, restricting the part of the parent—specifically the mother—as a religious teacher to such a limited period of the child's life that her influence in this relation becomes practically non-existent when the child reaches maturity? An estimate of this arrangement may be reached by making a comparison of its results, or its prospective results, with the conditions under which a religious education was imparted to the child in a former generation. Under the dispensation of the latter the school was not only confined to a most limited area in its work of giving religious instruction to the child, but it often stood for and even taught anti-religious as well as anti-Catholic doctrines under the régime of bigotry and intolerance that prevailed during the earlier days of our common schools. Such is the testimony of even that generation of Catholic public-school children which is

still with us. But under this unhappy dispensation of things a demonstration was made of the invincible influence of Christian parenthood and the value of the Christian home in preserving the child from moral and spiritual shipwreck that may yet be enshrined as a luminous fact in the Constitution of future Religious Education Associations, to teach wisdom to their leaders when they are formulating ways and means of imparting religious education to the young.

It was under this dispensation, in which home and Church each stood with one hand upon the child in loving solicitude and guidance, while the other was raised in protest against encroachment by the school beyond its restricted and prescribed limits, that the young giants who buried deep the foundations of Church and State, of religion and morality and justice in this great Republic, grew to maturity; and it is they who to-day are speaking the strongest word, through the lips of those to whom they handed on the cause of Church and State, of morality and religion, to save that cause from defeat by the only evil that can permanently defeat it, and that is, the disruption of the Christian home.

It is the passing of the home, not the secularizing of the school, that has given us a problem of religious education to solve, the like of which no other generation before ours has been confronted with. This is the *cause* we must deal with before we can devote our entire energies to only the relations of that cause, or the results of it. "More and more," says a prominent educational leader, "we have come to see within the last few years that the problem of the family is the *crux* of modern civilization;" the "home and its organization being in the field of social science much what cell and tissue are in biology." But this primary truth is too obvious to call for illustration; it is admitted by all, apparent to all; but, unfortunately, it is among that class of things in human life which are so obvious that we pay no attention to them. No fact was more commonly taken for granted throughout the deliberations of this gathering of educators than the importance of the home in religious education; but for this very reason, perhaps, the significances of this fact were overlooked while phases which appeared more striking and acute because they were on the

surface of the problem, were dealt with zealously and thoroughly. Now and again, during the sessions, however, when emphasis was put by a speaker upon the importance of the home as a religious educator, the note rang true and strong and vibrant throughout the assembly, and claimed the response that always comes to the call of human nature's great fundamental truths. Notable in the expression of such truths was the address of President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, who spoke with characteristic frankness on the importance of the mother in the life of the child,—an importance transcending every other influence in its lasting effect upon the child's character; an influence that modern methods of education is lessening deplorably by curtailing more and more the period of time in the child's life which should be consecrated to the care and companionship of its mother, *and its mother alone*. But at only one of the minor or "departmental" sessions of the Convention was this subject of the home in its relation to religious education taken up and treated specifically; though in the brief discussion which followed the reading at this session of a paper by Professor Charles R. Henderson, D.D., of the University of Chicago, on "The Part of the Home in Religious Education," the importance of this subject was affirmed in a manner that for the time being made all other discussions at the Convention seem almost trivial. One strong, brave voice—that of Dr. Ira Landrith, Regent of Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee—was raised during this discussion to declare that those assembled were present at "the most important department of the Religious Education Association to listen to a discussion of the most important thing in the world,—religion in the home;" and that "if this Association of Religious Educators is destined to effect any good in the field of effort it has chosen, its mission must be accomplished through the agency of and coöperation with the home as the centre of religious education." The home was compared by another speaker to "an unused organ of the body, whose functions have been lost through lack of development;" and it was pointed out that "we need to rediscover the home as a religious educator in order to realize how far we have strayed from the ideal condition for religious education."

These statements may sound trite till a practical suggestion be made as to their application to the problem before us. That

this problem demands an immediate and not a remote remedy for the deplorable conditions in education that confront us, is the reason advanced for setting aside consideration of the home for that of the school as an agency in religious education. While the home is admitted to be the ideal agency for training the child's religious nature, the school is declared to be the only available agency, since the home has fallen into disrepute on account of its notorious neglect of the child in regard to all religious training. But if this is so, the question becomes one of tenfold more urgency in its claims upon our attention; and the reasons for this urgency bring squarely before us problems that are not going to be settled by so simple a method as building schools and providing religious teachers for the young.

That the delinquency of the home is the real reason for the urgency of religious training in the school is so invariably and so unanimously conceded that it seems to have lost all power to arouse even ordinary interest as a topic for discussion. Everyone is aware of the displacement of the home by the school in the child-life of to-day; everyone deplores it and admits that it is a perversion of the laws of God and of nature. To quote from the address of but one speaker at this Convention on this point, that of Dr. Shahan—though the statements by all the rest who alluded to the subject were almost identical with this in idea, if not in form—"The school has come to stand *in loco parentis*. For a multitude of children it takes the place formerly filled by the home; for too many it is the only approach to a home, in the traditional sense of the word, that they shall ever see, at least in childhood." This was the general admission of the facts of the situation on all sides; in only one case, that of Professor Henderson, were these facts taken up and treated specifically as the real issues of the problem of religious education. His was a treatment of causes rather than of effects; of prevention rather than of remedy; the presentation, and the only explicit presentation, of that solution to the problem which was declared to be desired by the Association above all others: "A sound, working theory, rather than a temporary expedient." It was not enough for him to point out that "religion, morality, culture, noble politics, all interests suffer if domestic conduct is defective or unmoral"; that "the educa-

tional function of the family is not a sporadic or periodic thing, as that of the school must, from its own peculiar exigencies, necessarily be; but that it is constant and permanent"; that "home is the primary altar, the light of which must never be extinguished"; these were facts that anyone would state unhesitatingly; but he went further and declared that the point at which to begin in earnest to attack the problem of religious education was in the home,—not by taking the child away from the neglectful or ignorant parent in order to educate it, but by inducing the parent to coöperate in this work with the teacher. "Both extremes of society—the very poor and the very rich—seem to present a plausible argument," he admits, "to have the school educate the child." But he does not admit it to be an argument that proves there is no other resource than the school for this exigency. "The law should restrain those parents capable of coöperating in this work from neglecting their plain obligations," he says, "and those unable through ignorance should be helped by wise assistance and advice." "It would be well for our country and for the cause of religion," he declares, "if those who write and preach about moral and spiritual education would take as adequate pains to discover the real sources to which the lack of such education should be traced, as they take to point out the results that emanate from these sources in the materialistic and irreligious tendencies of the day."

But that a strange obliquity of vision affects the ordinary view of this problem and makes some of the most zealous champions of both religion and education take up "side issues," while neglecting or overlooking the vital source of the whole difficulty, may be illustrated by pointing to an incident which recently raised a discussion of the school question to fever heat in the city of New York. This was the alarming announcement that the school superintendent had discovered, or his assistants had brought to his attention, the fact that thousands of the public-school children came to school breakfastless on account of the destitution of their homes. Such an outbreak of public sentiment and opinion regarding this deplorable condition of things followed the announcement of it as might be expected if some great disaster had fallen upon the community. But the peculiar

character of the sentiment expressed about it was that the "child" and the "school" were practically the only two factors which claimed all the sympathy and attention, though behind these factors existed facts which ought to have thrown the community into a spasm of anxiety, if its sympathy for this misfortune was something more than mere affectation; for back of the child was the destitute home from which the pupil came hungry to school; and back of the school's solicitude to feed the child was revealed only that devastating misconception prevailing among us of the importance of the function of the school in the civil and economic life of the people, in contrast to the resourcelessness of the home not only in providing the child with its mental and moral requirements, but with its actual physical necessities. A situation which declares nothing less than that the home in the lives of the lower classes of society has become an obsolete institution, at least in its relation to the child beyond the period of infancy, and that the mission of the school is to displace it altogether. Such a view of the situation was revealed in the popular expression of sentiment regarding the breakfastless public-school children when none seemed to be shaken by the realization that, if the child from the destitute home is hungry, the parent in that home must be hungrier,—for human nature revolts at the monstrous supposition that the mother would eat while the child went without food; that beyond the awful hunger of the mother was the probable starvation of the infant, not to speak of the father—the natural bread-winning resource of the family—being crippled in his strength for lack of food. These things were not even discussed by the public, while philanthropic societies and "humane" individuals grew almost hysterical in their concern for the child whose efficiency as a student was impaired because it came breakfastless to school.

Undeniably there is a platform upon which Catholic and Protestant may meet and coöperate in securing religious education and moral training for the child, and that platform is broad enough to hold humanity, for its principle is the integrity of the home, and its plan of operation shall exclude no agency which stands for that integrity, while its weapons against the enemies of the home shall include every righteous means open to the citizens

of this Republic by a free ballot and liberty to effect by legislation whatever may be best for the general welfare. That we can agree about the lesser issues, that ways and means are to be found whereby the common school shall no longer bear that opprobrious title of "ungodly" put upon it by its critics, is a hope that is not groundless or unreasonable when we see a manifestation of willingness to abolish "ungodliness" in the school as sincere as that which we witnessed in this convention, where Catholic and non-Catholic—the latter of every shade of religious belief—met in earnest and sincere coöperation to find ways and means that may solve this problem to the satisfaction of all.

Yet let us hope that in the future ideal convention of the friends of religious education we shall find the home discussed as the subject of the most supreme importance in this question; while next in order shall come those agencies which stand as friends of the home in our modern civilization; the Church pre-eminent among these, on the religious side; the Social Settlement only second to the Church in its direct influence upon the family for better living and high ideals; and an educational system that shall have learned to know what functions it rightly possesses, and where it may not trespass in its work of educating the child.

A. A. McGinley.

Boston, Mass.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CHANCEL CHOIRS.

I.

Principles Behind the Legislation.

THE question of our Church music has become within the last year an absorbing topic for discussion. Since the publication of the *Motu proprio*, in January, 1904, there has been much interesting speculation among the priests and musicians as to the precise meaning of the document. "What does it all mean?" they ask. "Does the Encyclical really apply to this country? What is the tenor and scope of the new legislation? Are we held by it to dispense with the services of our female singers, and to ven-

ture into the unfamiliar mysteries of chancel choirs and Plain Chant? and, if so, how are we best going to effect the change?"

Such queries are heard every day, for there has been considerable doubt here as to the mind of the Holy Father. The clergy and musicians were ill-prepared to face an ordinance so subversive of the existing conditions, and from this point of view it was but natural to expect some hesitation and lack of enthusiastic response. Pastors have been so busily engaged here in their priestly work that their attention in many cases had been quite diverted from the importance of the musical portion of their services. The chief problem touching upon Church music which can be said heretofore to have interested pastors to any great extent, was how to keep the members of the choir in peaceful and amicable relations, and this serious, and often impossible, question once solved, their consciences have been quite at peace; a stormy sea once calmed, they were glad to leave well enough alone. Hence this formidable set of decrees, which demands that more of their interest be directed to the music, has not met a cordial welcome everywhere. The loyalty displayed in dealing with the question, however, and the readiness to conform as soon as possible to the requirements of the Encyclical so universally expressed, give assurance that the present endeavor to consider the practical problems of the situation is opportune.

The custom of employing "mixed" choirs to sing what have come to be called the "Standard Masses" by some strange incongruity and forgetfulness of the true ideals of ecclesiastical music, has so long prevailed among us, that it was only with difficulty that some were brought to see the purpose and advantages of this radical reform.

Some Catholics in this country have known no other than the "mixed" choir; and at the first suggestion, a church choir without female voices seems an anomaly and an impossibility; they are incredulous when told that boys—and young boys of twelve and thirteen years of age—can fill the place of the trained and experienced women singers whom the recent legislation of His Holiness has debarred from singing as a part of the official choir. It would be unreasonable to expect that such a state of mind could easily and immediately reconcile itself to a prospect of con-

ditions that imply such a different point of view and such new standards. The Encyclical must seem strange and mystifying to those of us who have not yet realized how absolutely and completely the present state of our service-music contradicts every ideal and tradition of the Church.

The writer does not forget that there have been many earnest advocates here of the higher and truly ecclesiastical standard of Church music,—many whose souls have been wounded and whose æsthetic sense has been offended by the secularization and extravagance which characterize the general tendency of the music ordinarily performed at the liturgical services. There are many, it is true, who for years have been trying to excogitate practicable plans for restoring sacred music to its rightful place, whose obvious ambition has been to check the speed with which the usage of our days is receding from the majestic simplicity of the Catholic ritual-music. But these ardent enthusiasts for better conditions have been in the minority. It is almost impossible to avoid concluding, from the music sung in most of our churches, that the characteristic attitude of those who have had the direction of it has not been one of earnest solicitude for the highest and truest ideals of the Catholic tradition.

From this state of indifference His Holiness has awakened us. He has told the world, with the full weight of his apostolic authority, that music has an important place in the liturgy of the Church, and that it must be guarded and attended with the earnest care which is due any integral part of the sacred offices. He has defined with careful precision the criteria by which musical compositions shall be judged worthy or unworthy of performance within the sacred edifice. He has ordered banished forever from our churches all that detracts in any way from the solemnity of the divine services; he has published "with certain knowledge," a number of canons in the form of a "juridical code of sacred music," and he has imposed "its scrupulous observance upon all."

These decrees call for a root-and-branch reform; they involve so complete a change from the former condition that those concerned have been puzzled as to just where to begin. But it is evident that the meaning of the legislation and practicable ways for its observance in our somewhat difficult situation are gradu-

ally becoming clearer. Our clergy have shown so much goodwill toward the wish of the Holy Father, that we could not remain long without finding some means of coping with the difficulties which at first sight seem to make impracticable a literal observance of the Encyclical.

In many dioceses commissions have been appointed to draw up the plans best suited for carrying out the reforms in their various localities. Already signs of a movement in the right direction have appeared. The Archdiocese of New York has been notably prompt in complying with the demands of the document. The music commission of that diocese has published a set of regulations which show a keen appreciation of the spirit of the movement. On the third Sunday of October a male chorus was made the official musical organization of the Cathedral. And more recently, a choir of priests has been formed, which will undoubtedly contribute greatly to increase interest and enthusiasm.

From Philadelphia we hear news of the male choirs which have succeeded the mixed choruses at the Cathedral and the Gesù. Boston is adding new names to her list of sanctuary choirs, and Providence boasts of a splendid new choir at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. Holy Trinity Church (Jesuit Fathers), Washington, D. C., has inaugurated the reforms for the Archdiocese of Baltimore, and St. Mary's Church (Paulist Fathers), for the Archdiocese of Chicago.

These are only beginnings, but they indicate a growing appreciation of the principles to which the *Motu proprio* has so forcefully directed our attention, and they give hope that in the near future our Church music will be thoroughly purged of all the unbecoming features of the present-day style.

With the new light that has come, and with the Encyclical as a guide, it should not require much thought, if people will look fairly into the question, to see that there is a wide hiatus between the music performed in most of our churches and the holy end to which it should be consecrated. Reasonable contrasting of the established ideals of sacred music with the style of compositions and the method of producing them which have been in vogue here, must reveal in the end that it is but the rare exception to find any, even slight, proportion between them. We feel that this fact is becoming more generally appreciated.

But the crucial point of the situation arises from some uncertainty as to a further principle,—the use of boys instead of women in the soprano and contralto parts. Perhaps the reason behind this legislation may not be so evident as the principles which demanded the call for a purer style of ecclesiastical song. At any rate, there can scarcely be any doubt that it is a lack of understanding of the ideal here in question, and the timidity with which those concerned approach the difficulties involved in conforming to it, that are the greatest obstacles to the progress of the reform. One can hardly avoid the suspicion that there has been a good deal of interpreting, modifying, and explaining away of this decree on the part of those who have never taken a copy of the Pope's letter and sat down before it to study out its meaning. The decree itself is so clear as to preclude any possibility of misinterpretation: "Whenever, then, it is desired to employ the acute voices of sopranos and contraltos, these parts must be taken by boys, according to the most ancient usage of the Church." The note that is struck in the concluding phrase, "according to the most ancient usage of the Church," is dominant throughout the Pope's decree. In a preceding canon he asserts that "with the exception of the melodies proper to the celebrant at the altar, and to the ministers, which must be always sung in Gregorian chant and without the accompaniment of the organ, all the rest of the liturgical chant belongs to the *choir of levites*, and, therefore, singers in church, even when laymen, are really taking the place of the ecclesiastical choir. . . . On the same principle it follows that singers in church have a real liturgical office, and that therefore women, as being incapable of exercising such office, cannot be admitted to form part of the choir."

Being Catholics, we are accustomed to the use of authority; we do not argue about it. And apart from the consideration of the *pros* and *cons* a decree of the Holy Father determines finally our course of action. But, as is always the case, there are valid reasons behind this authoritative pronouncement. The principle which debars women from participating in the functions of the official choir fits in with the whole liturgical economy of the Church. The story of the development of ecclesiastical chant shows that from the very beginning there was a marked tendency

to confine the music of the liturgical services to a certain selected body of male singers. In 320, the Council of Laodicea declared that, "No one is to sing in the church but the canonical singers, who mount the lectern and sing from the book." Leo the Great, in the fifth century, established this body of cantors in definite form; and in the following century, we note the rise of schools of music for the training of the boys and men who were to sing at the ecclesiastical functions. The fact that these singers bore the title of sub-deacons is significant of the estimation in which their office was held. Speaking of the use of male voices in the services of the Church, Mr. Edward Dickinson, perhaps the most eminent historian of worship music in this country says:[1]

"It is certainly noteworthy that the exclusion of the female voice which has obtained in the Catholic Church throughout the Middle Age, in the Eastern Church, in the German Protestant Church, and in the cathedral-service of the Anglican Church, was also enforced in the temple worship of Israel.[2] The conviction has widely prevailed among the stricter custodians of religious ceremony, in all ages, that there is something sensuous and passionate (I use these words in their simpler original meaning) in the female voice,—something at variance with the austerity of ideal which should prevail in the music of worship. Perhaps, also, the association of men and women in the sympathy of so emotional an office as that of song is felt to be prejudicial to the complete absorption of mind which the sacred function demands. Both these reasons have undoubtedly combined in so many historic epochs to keep all the offices of ministry in the House of God in the hands of the male sex. On the other hand, in the more sensuous cults of paganism, no such prohibition has existed."

These apt words of Professor Dickinson bring us to a second consideration. The male choir *is* the best fitted to accompany the liturgical offices, for there is a peculiarly religious timbre in the concert of the boys' pure soprano and alto voices with the heavier voices of the men. The spiritual effects possible to such a chorus are quite impossible to a mixed choir. The charm of a boy's *well-trained* voice singing at the Holy Sacrifice and at the other

[1] *Music in the History of the Western Church*, p. 30.

[2] The references to "female singers" in the Scriptures are quite capable of explanation.—W. J. F.

sacred services, is quite indescribable; its power is marvellous and mysterious; it seems to tell of holiness and simplicity. There is a plaintive sweetness about it that appeals to the souls of the worshippers, and helps them to realize the sacredness of their surroundings; it has power wonderfully to inspire a sense of the sublime beauty of the ritual and to call forth floods of unawakened religious sentiment. Some years ago Canon Oakeley was quoted in the *Dublin Review* as follows:

"There is something about the voices of boys which is preëminently suited to the true idea of Christian praise, whereas it is exceedingly difficult for singers of the other sex, especially when accustomed to professional exhibitions, to tone down their mode of execution to the ecclesiastical standard. It will be said, I know, that male singers who have passed from the age of boyhood are liable to the same serious defect. This I do not deny; but it is a great point to have even one-half of a choir free from it; while, if I be right in supposing that by the substitution of boys for females in the treble parts the whole choir would be gradually purified and Catholicized, there would be a remote tendency in such a change to give a more ecclesiastical character to the musical service in general."

Travellers who have heard the boy-voice developed to its richest possibilities—as at St. Paul's Cathedral (Anglican), London; Westminster Abbey; Lincoln Cathedral; Brompton Oratory; Westminster Cathedral, etc.—agree unanimously that it is in every detail and quality thoroughly religious and ecclesiastical in its suggestions and effects. It is sad to realize that we Catholics have let slip through our fingers the rich heritage of the purer traditions of worship music, and that on being summoned to readjust our customs to these traditions, we are driven to look outside the fold for assistance. The affectionate care which has been bestowed upon the music of other churches—especially by the directors of the choral services of the Anglican Church—has done much which will help us in confronting the difficulties of perfecting our own Church music. For it must be confessed that, with the exception of the Cæcilien-Verein and the Solesmes School of Plain Chant, there are few institutions which have treasured up the traditions of the old Catholic centuries and perpetuated what may be called the classical music of the Church. And even these two

schools just named, though they help us in repertory, as shall be seen in the proper place, give comparatively little assistance in the distinctive training of boys' voices, for reasons more or less obvious.

Some Catholics in this country have expressed themselves as rather sceptical of the possibilities in a boy-choir. But one never hears such an opinion from those who have listened to a *thoroughly trained* boy-choir. It is a misfortune that some of the Catholic sanctuary choirs here have not been organized or directed on anything like a scientific basis. There has been a good deal of mediocre, if not inferior, work done at times, with the natural result of prejudicing people against the idea. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the effects which can be produced with properly taught choirs, and it is the earnest hope of those most interested in this renaissance of holy traditions and better principles of Church music, that those engaged in forming and directing these new choirs will make their work a demonstrative argument, to all who frequent their services, of the advantage of this reform.

But we must not lose sight of the first purpose of this series of articles by too much theorizing about the principles of these Catholic traditions, which the Encyclical has so emphasized; the practical side of the situation must be considered.

"It is very interesting, and no doubt very profitable to talk about the superiority of Gregorian and Palestrinesque music, and the unique fitness of the boy-choir for church purposes," is a common objection in these days; "but how are we, here in America, a missionary country—where the Church is still in its brick-and-mortar stage, where we have been glad and grateful to furnish any kind of a respectable service—how can we *here and now* make a change which involves such difficulties and so many unpleasant issues?"

It is this practical view of the reform that is the stumbling-block to many priests who have expressed a ready willingness to enforce the decrees in their parishes. They are frightened at the face-difficulties of the situation; and, as has already been said, the timidity with which they have been proceeding is largely responsible for the comparatively little progress made. That there are some difficulties in the way of an immediate compliance

with the letter of the law, even the ultra-enthusiasts of the movement readily admit. But it must be stated, too, that for the average city church, the installation and maintaining of effective Gregorian chancel choirs is much easier of accomplishment than the present attitude of some of the clergy would indicate.

Whatever be the initial difficulty connected with the disbanding of the established mixed choirs, and the organization of the others, it should be remembered that the results are worth infinitely more. Loyalty to our Holy Father is at stake, as well as the decorum of the divine services.

With something of effort and more of courage we can add great splendor to our solemn services and reëstablish the intimate and sacred relations of music to the other parts of the ritual.

The one thing that is necessary now is sympathetic discussion of the problems of the situation; it will awaken greater interest, and bring to light many facts and experiences which will be of material assistance to those actively engaged in introducing the reforms. And so this series of articles has been designed and arranged to discuss the best ways and means at our disposal for the organization and successful directing of boy-choirs; and to point out and to apply to our own conditions here, the principles upon which such magnificent choirs have been reared in other lands, and notably in the Established Church of Great Britain.

Thus the first paper treats of "Organization"; the second will present interesting and important facts concerning the training of a choir, and of boys' voices in particular; the concluding article will discuss repertoire and whatever, from this point of view, contributes to make a choir an efficient element in the religious influences of the ritual.

II.

The Practical Problems Considered.

Within the past quarter of a century the science of chancel-choir training has made great strides, and at the present day it is firmly established upon a solid basis. There is no question that bears upon the correct managing and training of choirs and choir-boys that has now to be left to the guesswork of individual choir-masters. The names of some of England and America's most

noted musicians are associated with the development of this unique branch of the musical profession, and there is scarcely any problem kindred to it that has not been to some extent solved by the investigations and experiences of the past few years.

An idea has commonly obtained among American Catholics that boy-choirs are organized and trained in about the same way as any other corporation of singers. This is incorrect. There are some very distinctive principles entailed, and it is the purpose of this symposium to emphasize them. A choirmaster would make a very serious blunder who would undertake the direction of a boy-choir without the proper equipment. This is no more than a truism, but it seems not to have been realized at times. Just what this "proper equipment" includes in detail, it is superfluous to state here; the requirements of efficient directorship will become evident as the various divisions of the subject are treated. Suffice it here to say that the average organist of our city churches will find the process of qualifying himself neither long nor arduous; he can in a short time familiarize himself with enough of the principles to make an intelligent beginning with a choir. As his choir develops and gains experience, so too will he develop, and supply any deficiency in his theoretical knowledge. But at least some initial conception of the tenor and scope of the science, and some elementary familiarity with the points which differentiate it from other musical activities, should be required. The bibliography on the subject is by no means commensurate with the extent of this scientific art, but we shall have occasion to refer to whatever of pertinent literature has been published.

The position in which the average pastor finds himself who is contemplating inaugurating an ecclesiastical choir, is something like this: he has a good pipe-organ in the choir-loft and an organist (frequently a woman) of fair talent and some musical education; the personnel of his choir includes a paid quartet (or at least a few singers who receive reimbursement) and a chorus of mixed voices which is usually willing and reliable. The musical library consists of a collection of the so-called "Standard Masses," and many figured musical settings of the most frequently recurring Offices and anthems; Palestrina or the later composers of the strict contrapuntal school are but feebly repre-

sented upon its shelves, and anything like an equipment for Gregorian services is conspicuously wanting. Our pastor may think, further, that there are but few boys in the parish (perhaps he counts them upon his fingers) who seem to be available for choir purposes. Finally, he may feel, too, that his church is hardly adapted to a sanctuary choir, for it has been built without a chancel, and he is puzzled to know how to seat a choir without overcrowding the sanctuary.

Most priests conduct their choral services with a musical outfit something like the one just outlined, and are now confronted with similar problems. "How can the organ in the gallery serve the purposes of a sanctuary choir? Must it be brought down and rebuilt in the apse? What assurance have I that a sufficient number of boys and men can he secured, and that it will be possible to maintain a choir in this parish?" These, and such like, are the questions that pastors are asking themselves and that must be answered before anything like a general use of boy-choirs can be hoped for. The question that naturally demands first attention here, concerns the material which is to make up these choirs. Boys and men must be secured who will prove efficient and reliable cantors; and not only must provision be made for the first beginnings of the choir, but a plan must be predetermined upon for replenishing the choir with fresh voices.

First, then, as to the actual organization of the boys' section of the choir. Where can we get suitable choristers? The answer to this question is based upon two facts,—first, in the average city parish there is a parochial school or at least a Sunday-school of fair size; secondly, every boy between the ages of nine and fifteen, who has a musically correct ear, and sound vocal organs, is a possible chorister-boy.

Perhaps it is well to advert here to the fact that there is a very large area in the United States where, on account of the extreme paucity of the Catholic population, and the insufficiency of resources, the parochial school system has been but inchoately developed. Dioceses in this area can scarce reasonably be held to a literal compliance with the recent decrees.

But an examination of the conditions of the churches in the cities and towns of our flourishing dioceses reveals that it is quite

possible, and in fact comparatively easy, for very many parishes to secure plenty of good choir material. The statistics of one diocese, picked at random from a number where the general conditions are about the same, will serve as an illustration. Taking the reports of the English-speaking parishes only, we find that in the four parishes of the diocesan seat, there are three schools, one including 129 boys, another 50, and the third 69. Four other towns make the following reports:

(*a*) 4 parishes; 3 schools of 92, 73, and 221 boys.
(*b*) 1 parish; a school of 130 boys.
(*c*) 2 parishes; 2 schools of 80 and 102 boys.
(*d*) 1 parish; a school of 168 boys.

Comparing these figures with the facts that almost every boy can be developed by assiduous and careful training into an acceptable singer, and that a choir of thirty boys can fill any of our churches, it becomes quite evident that, in the diocese just referred to, and in the very many of which it is a type, the average parish can get a supply of boys' voices without much difficulty.

The parochial schools, and where these are wanting, the Sunday-schools, are the sources from which our choir-boys in most cases must be selected. In these, boys are ready at hand, and, with an occasional exception, in sufficient numbers to allow of careful discrimination in the choosing. Catholic boys are glad to sing in their churches, and rarely express any serious disinclination to the various functions and obligations which the office imposes upon them. The school undoubtedly will solve the problem of *where* to get boys for most priests; further argument about this is unnecessary. *What* boys to accept, and *how* to judge of their efficiency and capability are questions that require more detailed consideration.

What, then, is the criterion of a boy's possibilities as a chorister? If a choirmaster must judge of a boy's availability by the *present* sweetness of his voice, and the *present* fluency of his solfaing, then, indeed, the question of organizing boy-choirs is effectually closed. If the ultimate criterion of a boy's suitability for choir purposes is the state in which his voice development is found to be upon examination; and if we are to proceed upon the principle of demanding a proof of results already attained, and

of rejecting all applicants who do not show themselves ready for immediate service, then those who are urging the installation of these new choirs, here, and exerting themselves to point out the possibility of it, have associated themselves with a vain cause. But it is not so. The criterion of boys' usefulness in the choir is not quite so unreasonable. Were it so, a chorister boy must needs be found ready-made, with all such qualifications as perfect tonal production, actual musical training, experience, and the rest. And yet we venture to say that it has been a common enough idea among musicians (most probably not more than a vague, half-defined idea) that only such boys could be made effective members of the choir. Many have never realized that very often the prize material of a choir is made up of boys who upon their entrance examination displayed a minimum of capability. Choir-boys are *made*, not *born*. Every healthy boy who can follow the intervals of the gamut,—who does not repeat the same note eight times thinking himself to be rendering an ascending scale, etc.,—is an available choir-boy, other things being equal. Dr. Madeley Richardson, of St. Saviour's Collegiate Church, London, in discussing the kind of boys that may be used, writes as follows:[3]

"With the mixed choir much depended upon securing singers already qualified, who simply required a little preparation for their choir duties; with boys everything depends not so much upon the selecting and securing of voices as upon the efficient training of the individuals when secured. This was not in the least understood when boy-choirs were first introduced;[4] indeed it is very far from being grasped by the average church-goer now. The widely prevalent notion still is that boys' voices are naturally good, bad, or indifferent, and that whatever they are to start with that they will remain; the actual fact being that it is possible by proper and skilful teaching to make almost any boy's voice sound perfectly well and satisfactory, and that the one condition essential to success in a boys' choir is a competent and expert teacher. . . . In selecting boys it must be remembered that it is next to impossible to tell what a raw voice may be capable of after training. Cases of really hopeless material are

[3] *Church Music*, pp. 58–59.

[4] Dr. Richardson refers to the introduction of boy-choirs into the Anglican churches.

very rare. . . . Do not be guided by the sound of a boy's voice so much as by his general appearance and personal character. Choose quick, lively, intelligent boys; avoid heavy, sulky, and stupid ones."

Of course boys who have absolutely nothing of musical instinct must not be considered favorably; they are worse than useless, because they constantly and irremediably sing off the pitch. A few such boys in a choir would suffice to turn the most glorious harmonies into a hideous cacophony.

Apropos of the selection of boys, Mr. G. Edward Stubbs, choirmaster and organist of St. Agnes' Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York, writes:[5]

"Boys are useful as choristers when they are between the ages of ten and sixteen years. Under ten, although they may possess good voices, they are too young to evince sufficient musical and general intelligence to be of much service. Over sixteen, their voices are on the verge of mutation. . . . Bright, nervous, energetic boys who are fond of music make the best choristers. Those who are naturally indolent or deficient in musical instinct should be habitually avoided, even if they have superior voices. Boys of steady habits and fixed purposes are especially desirable, because they are not likely to give up their choir duties after the novelty of singing has somewhat abated. Changeable choristers are highly undesirable."

The question of the number of voices necessary for an effective chorus demands an answer here. It is needless to remark that no absolute norm can be established for guidance in this matter. The quantity and quality of the individual voices, the size and architectural form of the church,—these and the other things which differ so in various places make impossible a standard which can be applied with success everywhere. Yet it must be said that it is a mistake to think large choirs necessary. The most perfect boy-choirs in the world are comparatively small. Mr. S. B. Whitney, choirmaster of the Advent Church, Boston, discusses this point succinctly:[6]

"It has become quite the custom in some of the larger churches, especially in the West, to have large choirs of fifty, seventy-five, and

[5] *Training of Choir Boys*, p. 20.

[6] *New England Magazine*, April, 1892

even a hundred voices; but this has never been found necessary in the churches abroad, and though the church buildings are very much larger than ours, the conventional cathedral choir will hardly ever number more than thirty or forty voices. The choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, numbers fifty-four voices, thirty-six boys and eighteen men. If this choir is adequate for a church that can seat easily six or eight thousand people, certainly we have no call for choirs in this country numbering over thirty voices. The excuse for large numbers is that a boy's voice by cultivation becomes softer, and therefore the more cultivated it becomes the greater will be the number of choristers required; certainly a mistaken idea, for, as we have mentioned, in all preliminary vocal practice, the young chorister is cautioned to sing softly, yet when the voice is thoroughly established and located, constant daily practice will soon make it as full and strong as it ever was before; besides, it is now a musical voice, and a musical tone will travel farther than a mere noise. The most noted and effective choirs, either in England or on the Continent, are, comparatively speaking, small choirs."

Mr. John Spencer Curwen, Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, London, quotes Dr. E. J. Hopkins as deprecating the use of large choirs: "Nowadays," the passage runs, "every one is for quantity, not quality, and coarseness is a prevailing vice. We are told of surpliced choirs of thirty-six voices, and if we go to hear them, what do we frequently find? A great racket and shouting, certainly not music."

The present writer does not intend to condemn the use of large choruses. By no means; for these are often wonderfully effective, and produce results which are altogether impossible to smaller choirs. He has quoted the statements of these eminent authorities to make it plain that heavy choruses are not *necessary*. In great cathedrals, however, the unison parts of the Gregorian chanting would seem to call for a large number of voices. But, as it is possible to get excellent musical and religious effects from large and small choirs alike, the matter is left to the tastes of individual priests and choirmasters. The choir at the new Cathedral at Westminster (a vast edifice) numbers only forty voices,—sixteen men and twenty-four boys, with eight of the twenty-four boys in the probationers' class; and yet we are hearing every

day fresh reports of its marvellous effectiveness. On the other hand, there are two well-known choirs at home here—the best perhaps in Catholic churches—whose personnel includes anywhere from seventy to eighty-five voices,—the Boston Cathedral sanctuary choir, and the choir of St. Paul's Church, in Fifty-ninth St., New York.

The men's section is made up of singers who live within the parish limits. These men form the substratum of the adult portion of a choir, and for many reasons, such as their proximity to the church and their local interest in the parochial institutions, they should be urged to join. Churches that have strong sodalities of men have in these a valuable source from which to draw the senior members. Priests may find some difficulty at first in securing a full number of adult voices, for not a few men are strangely timid about exercising the various liturgical functions imposed by the ceremonial, and some are frightened at the first prospect of being robed in cassock and surplice. With a little ingenuity and patience, however, a priest can soon remove all such apprehensions. As a rule, these only exist in districts where chancel choirs have been wholly unknown, and after a time these fears disappear of themselves. It has been said that some Catholic singers refuse to sing with boys, "because it is too much of a humiliation." Such individuals should scrupulously be kept out of a choir, for they can but lower its spiritual tone and blunt its enthusiasm. Dispirited, unenthusiastic people are not the right material for such loyal and self-sacrificing service as Catholic chancel-singers are called upon to give. The young men of the parish are generally more to be depended upon than their seniors of the former mixed choir. It is not difficult to arouse the interest of these younger men; and if some inducements are offered, much good talent can be obtained.

After a choir has been organized a few years, the men's section will be reinforced by quondam boy-choristers, who commonly return to their choir duties when their voices have changed. A well-known writer on "Church Choirs" has said that, "the effect of educating boys for the service of the choir will be that of supplying facilities for obtaining male singers to take the lower parts as time goes on. Some of the best tenors and basses in our London

Catholic choirs have been choristers in Catholic churches in their earlier years, and the great advantage which they enjoy over singers who have not had this preparation is that they are thoroughly acquainted with the ecclesiastical portion of their work." It is certainly noteworthy that those who have entered a choir as boys are frequently its most enthusiastic supporters and very reluctantly give up active service when business occupations or change of residence prevent regular attendance at the rehearsals.

The number of men required will be determined by the number of soprano boys. The correct proportion of parts which must be maintained will be seen later.

With regard to the inducements which will serve to ensure a supply of men when it is impossible to offer any financial reimbursement, Mr. Stubbs writes:

"There are, nevertheless, many parishes of limited means where the payment of numerous salaries is out of the question. In such places the success of a choir depends upon the personal influence of the rector and the musical abilities of the choirmaster. When no salaries are paid, the incentives to choir work are: first, sense of duty in helping on the church by volunteer performance; secondly, musical interest engendered by the choirmaster through his successful training, leading on to a desire to sing from educational motives and for musical pleasure. However selfish this latter incentive may seem, it is practically the one to which, on the choirmaster's part, chief attention must be paid. . . . The better the choir, the greater will be the number of volunteer singers."

Offer the men a good, practical and theoretical musical education. Propose concerts and oratorio work. Promise to be fair in assignments to the Requiem and Nuptial High Masses. Many young men will be attracted to a choir that offers good opportunities of developing and using their musical talent. The rehearsal hours can be made instructive and recreative to the highest degree, if the choirmaster or the priest in charge is at all ingenious. Short talks on the life and influence of the composers whose works the choir is studying; systematic and careful study of excerpts from the compositions of the masters; occasional "smokers," sociable meetings, etc.; all these, and anything else

that promotes interest, enthusiasm, and good feeling, should be considered powerful means of drawing men to the choir. In a word, if it is known that a choir is conducted on thoroughly modern and up-to-date methods, there will always be plenty of applicants. Mr. Victor Hammerel, choirmaster of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence, Rhode Island, in a recent letter, said:

"When I began my choir I tried 256 boys and 79 men. Out of that number I selected the best voices, and kept a list of those with good voices, but who were not needed just then. All those belonged to our parish, which is not a very large one. Now, after one year of existence, the difficulty for me is not in finding singers, but in keeping them away. Not a rehearsal passes without a boy coming to me to have his voice tried, and tears trickle down his cheeks when told that there is no vacancy; and the same for the men."

The proper balancing of the parts should be carefully thought about, before a choirmaster selects his material. A top-heavy choir can never rise above mediocrity. It is absolutely essential that a correct proportion of voices be maintained, and yet we have had boy-choirs here, in which the so-called alto section seemed to be ever striving to divert attention from the sopranos, and in which baritone-tenors have been introduced in such numbers as to make it almost impossible for the listener to catch anything of the melodic theme in a concerted piece. Occasionally, too, one hears a choir where the soprano boys seem to be now stridently asserting their rights against a disproportionate section of *bassos*, and now plaintively pleading with them for their allotted share in the *ensemble*. A choir of unbalanced parts can produce only indifferent effects. A choirmaster in organizing, then, should first have a definite idea of the number of soprano boys he expects to employ; from this he will be able to determine, approximately at least, the number of altos, tenors, and basses which will be needed. A choir carelessly organized in this respect—and unfortunately these are not altogether unknown—always lacks that "something" which gives such an inexplicable charm to a well-balanced chorus. The usual advice is this: sopranos should form one-half of the whole choir; the basses should be next in promi-

nence; and there should be about an equal number of tenors and altos. "As to balance of voices," says Dr. Richardson, "the aim should be to have a fairly equal number of each of the three lower parts, with a slight preponderance of basses, but a good deal will always depend upon the power of individual voices. One bass voice may occasionally be found which will equal in volume of tone three others; and in these cases we must be guided by tonal rather than by numerical strength. The number of boys' voices should greatly exceed that of any one of the lower parts. A good balance is obtained when they are made to equal the sum of all the other voices together." (Dr. Richardson evidently refers to choirs where the adult male alto is employed.) Mr. John Spencer Curwen calls the attention of his readers to the following table given by Mr. H. B. Roney of Chicago, instructor of the famous Blatchford Kavanagh.[7]

Sopranos	12	17	25	37	50
Altos	4	5	7	11	14
Tenors	4	5	8	11	14
Basses	5	8	10	16	22
	25	35	50	75	100

Mr. Stubbs agrees that "when circumstances permit, there should be as many men as boys in the choir." (He, too, is thinking of choirs where the boy alto is not employed). "For example," he continues, "to balance eighteen well-trained sopranos, there should be eight basses, six tenors, and four altos, if the alto part be sung by men. But voices differ so much in force and carrying power that no definite rule can be laid down as to proportion of parts. The best results, however, are obtained only where the choir contains a full number of men. Care should be taken that the alto and tenor parts be not too prominent." Mr. Stubbs adds a footnote, which has a particular significance for our choirs which will render so many parts of the services in unison: "Besides the harmonic gain, bold unison passages ring out with telling effect when the choir is plentifully supplied with adult voices. In small choirs, where the boys are supported by a few men, unison music is generally ineffective."

[7] *The Boy's Voice*, p. 16.

This brings us to another important point,—the necessity of care in forming the alto section. There has been a general enough tendency to slight this part of the choir and to minimize its importance. This is not fair to the alto voice, which is of a very telling timbre and must be guarded and developed with as much assiduity as the soprano. Sometimes, unfortunately, it has been thought necessary to assign the alto parts to broken-down trebles, boys whose soprano notes have become a pleasant memory. This substitution of a counterfeit for the legitimate alto can never wholly be concealed, for each of the four parts demands its proper and distinctive voice.

There has been much discussion among musicians as to the availability of the boy-alto voice. Some have even felt that such a voice is an anomaly, and that the real, genuine alto quality which, it has been thought, comes only with mature physical development, is exceptional in boys. Some men eminent in boy-choir work have taken this side of the controversy, while many other noted directors have been insistent in their defence of the boy-alto. The question at best is not decided, but we judge from the personnel of most choirs here—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—that the preponderance of opinion in this country is for the boys. It is important that choirmasters who are about to engage in sanctuary-choir work, should be thoroughly conversant with the state of the question.

The man-alto and the boy-alto (we are convinced there is such a voice) are two really distinct voices; the former is merely a falsetto baritone and the latter is a pure and natural voice. In this connection John Spencer Curwen says:

"In English cathedrals, the alto part has been given ever since the Restoration to adult men, generally with bass voices singing in the 'thin' register. . . . For this voice Handel wrote, and the listener at the Handel Festival cannot but feel the strength and resonance which the large number of men-altos give to the harmony when the range of the part is low. The voice of the man-alto, however, was never common, and is becoming less common than it was. It occupies a curious position, never having been recognized as a solo voice. . . . This voice is entirely an English institution, unknown on the Continent. Historians say that after the Restoration,

when it was very difficult to obtain choir-boys, adult men learned to sing alto, and even low treble parts, in falsetto in order to make harmony possible.

"The dilemma is that in parish churches, especially in country districts, the adult male alto is not to be had, and the choice is between boy-altos and no altos at all. There is no doubt, moreover, that the trouble of voice management in the boy-altos can be conquered by watchfulness and care."

Mr. Curwen, in preparing his book on *The Boy's Voice*, has collected much information on this subject. We will here quote two extracts of letters which he received from English boy-choir directors. Mr. Taylor, organist of New College, Oxford, is quoted as follows: "I can confidently recommend boy-altos in parish or other choirs, provided they are carefully trained." And Dr. Garret, organist of St. John's College, Cambridge, writes, in part:—

"If I could have really first-class adult altos in my choir, I should not think of using boy's voices. At the same time, there are some advantages on the side of boys' voices. (1) Unless the adult alto voice is really pure and good, and its possessor a skilled singer, it is too often unbearable. (2) Under the most favorable conditions, it is very rare, according to my experience, to find an alto voice retaining its best qualities after middle age. (3) The alto voice is undoubtedly becoming rare.

"On the other side, you have to consider: (1) The limitation in choice of music, as there is a good deal . . . in which the alto part is beyond the range of any boy's voice. (2) A lack of brightness in the upper part of some trios, etc."

It is not to the purpose to go further into this controversy. It is sufficient to have indicated that there are valid reasons for both sides. For our present practical purposes there can scarcely be any doubt about the advisability of using boy-altos. The writer has visited many choirs in which there is excellent material for good alto sections among the boys. Two of the most remarkable boy singers he has had the pleasure of listening to were altos.

Mr. J. C. Ungerer, of the New York Cathedral, expresses it

as his opinion that "the use of adult male altos should not be encouraged; although they answer the purpose when competent readers (boys) cannot be found." And Mr. A. B. Meyers, choirmaster of St. Vincent's, South Boston, writes, "Men-altos are desirable from the point of view of expediency, but the rich quality of the *real* boy-alto is, in my opinion, preferable." Mr. Meyers adds, that he thinks this real boy-alto a very rare voice, and admits that he finds it necessary "to take larger boys from the soprani to fill up the ranks of the alti."

Mr. Hammerel of Providence expresses himself as "decidedly against using adult male altos," and finds no trouble in securing good boy-altos and more than enough. Sometimes, it is true, one is driven to give the alto parts to second trebles, in order to make concerted singing possible, but choirmasters should make every effort to obtain the real alto voices.

Lack of space forbids speaking of these problems of organization more at length; we must proceed to the consideration of some facts bearing upon the maintenance of a choir.

The great question here is, how best to offset the leakage from the boys' section occasioned by the inevitable changing of the boys' voices.

Let the boys be divided into two groups,—the first or senior group consisting of those already equipped for regular service in the church, and the second or junior group consisting of younger boys who form a preparatory class, and attend all the rehearsals. The senior boys are called in choir nomenclature "choristers," and the junior boys, "probationers." A choir that maintains a good class of probationers always enjoys an advantage over a choir where this or a similar system of replenishing the parts does not obtain.

Naturally we look to England, the home and nursery of the highest type of the boy-choir, for advice and suggestions in this matter. The plan which secures to all the great choirs there such a continual supply of competent choristers is certainly worthy of examination. The records show that in almost all the cathedral churches, and in very many smaller places of worship, this division of boys into "probationers" and "choristers" prevails; in some places these two classes are so distinct as to form sepa-

rate choirs. The probationers begin their career frequently as young as seven years of age. The boys enter the choir at Westminster Abbey at nine or ten, never older.

The advantages of such a plan are manifest. A boy's relationship with his choir lasts through a period of more than seven years; his voice is trained from the beginning on distinctive methods and with a view to church work; by such long attendance he becomes thoroughly familiar with all the Offices, and knows a considerable portion of the service-music by heart; when a chorister's voice gives warning of the approaching change, the choirmaster has merely to announce a competitive examination to the probationers, and to award the place of the retiring chorister to the winner. Readers are referred to Mr. Curwen's book (*Boy's Voice*, p. 58, *seqq.*) for many interesting facts about England's great choirs. Referring to the success of the choirmaster at Temple Church, Oxford, he says: "He lays stress on the fact that he takes his boys at eight years of age. For a year or more they are probationers. . . . They undergo daily drill in musical theory and voice training, but in church they have no responsibility and do little more than listen. When, however, the voice of one of the older boys breaks, a probationer takes his place, and is much better for the training."

The writer has already referred to the choir recently established at our new Cathedral at Westminster. It will be remembered that this choir, too, is made up of choristers and probationers. Mr. Robert Gannon, organist and choirmaster at the Mission Church (Redemptorist Fathers), Boston, writes: "The school here is a great help for furnishing material. I have a class of probationers who attend the rehearsals and vocalize with the regulars, and recently I admitted ten boys to the regular choir. They were between the ages of nine and eleven."

In short, it is the rare exception to find a choir of any pretensions without a preparatory class of some sort. Mr. Ungerer, quoted above, thinks that if music had a more conspicuous place in the schools, the problem of meeting the leakage in the boys' section would be effectually solved. He writes: "We make an unpardonable mistake in depriving our children of a thorough musical education in the school-room. Progressive work begun at the earliest possible stage would show great results. Every

child averaging ten years of age is a chorister. This would be method." There is no doubt that if music were taught more thoroughly and intelligently in our parochial schools, sanctuary choirs could be maintained with much less difficulty. Father Young, the noted Jesuit musician of St. Francis' College, New York, is quoted in a recent issue of the New York *Sun* as saying: "I am very much encouraged by the success I have had with my boys in the parochial school, and I am more than ever convinced that every reform desired by the Pope could be brought about if the children were now taught the Gregorian chant in our Catholic schools."

The music commission of the Archdiocese of New York has also expressed a conviction of the necessity of a thorough musical education in the schools in recommending to the priests "that systematic teaching of music be required in all Catholic schools; that examinations in it be regularly made by the diocesan school inspector as in other studies; and that where no Catholic school exists, a music class for men or boys, or both, be formed at once. The teaching, to be effective, is to comprise (*a*) sight reading; (*b*) voice training; (*c*) the study of the various chants of High Mass, Vespers, and Benediction." The Right Reverend Bishop of Portland, Maine, in a pastoral letter, has also enjoined upon his priests the careful training of school children in "the principal hymns of the liturgy, such as the *Salve Regina, Alma Redemptoris*, etc., and the Ordinary of the Mass according to the Gregorian notation."

It is quite generally held that the boy choristers should receive some honorarium—trifling though it be—in recognition of their services. The advantages which accrue from paying the boys, make this suggestion worthy of serious consideration. The choirmaster has, thereby, a sure means of procuring prompt and regular attendance at the services and rehearsals; the power of imposing fines and suspension for repeated misdemeanors, which this system provides, has a disciplinary value in the management of naturally mischievous and inattentive boys. Furthermore, it is but fair to give the lads some slight compensation for all the sacrifices which the frequent rehearsals and the long and numerous services demand of them. They are only boys, and they have boys' hearts and boys' points of view. It should be remem-

bered that regular attendance often requires heroic virtue of them, for they must forego many football games in the autumn, coasting and skating in the winter, and—the greatest sacrifice of all—base-ball in the spring. Prove to them that their services are appreciated—not by patting them on the head and calling them "nice boys" and prophesying great careers for them—but by giving them some stated reimbursement at regular intervals. Do this and you will suffer but little annoyance from tardiness or carelessness about the meetings. Choirmasters who have had much experience with boys, find that choirs where some system of compensation prevails, are much more reliable than the others. We quote a paragraph from Dr. Dickinson:—

"Whenever possible, boys should be paid, however small a sum; but it should be made clear that the amount given is to be regarded as pocket money in recognition of the work and self-sacrifice involved in attending practice. . . . Payment by number of attendances is to be deprecated. A certain fixed sum should be given weekly or monthly, out of which a large portion should be deducted as a fine for absence without leave. This fine should be prohibitive, so as to make it clear that irregularity cannot be tolerated."

In parishes where Requiem and Nuptial High Masses are frequent, and where the custom prevails of paying those who in regular turn sing at these services, the payment of regular stipends can be more readily dispensed with; but the advantages of allowing to each boy a monthly wage of fifty cents or a dollar cannot be minimized.

The management of the choir will offer no trouble to priests or choirmasters where the boys are taken from parish schools. The school Sisters are always actively interested in anything that concerns the children, and their influence in the disciplinary matters of the choir is paramount. Choirmasters who have had the help of Sisters in this direction, know well how to value it. The writer can attest from personal experience the great relief that comes to a choir-director from their kindly coöperation in fitting the boys for their choir duties. From the start, an *intelligent* discipline should be maintained as well at rehearsals as at services. Where a lax discipline obtains much valuable time is wasted, and eventually the lads lose respect for the director. But there is no place for punctilious orderliness or rigorous silence; these do very

well for the school-room, but cannot be brought into the choir-hall without tiring the boys and destroying spontaneity. The choir-room should be made popular. The choirmaster should be loved. There should be a spirit of easy freedom about the rehearsal; the lads ought to feel that a certain amount of relaxation is legitimate, and that they can converse quietly and enjoy themselves during the intervals when music is being distributed, or when, for any other reason, there is a temporary cessation of work. Boys appreciate these little liberties, and when the signal is given to resume the practice, they begin again with fresh vigor. Choir-boys ought to be granted every concession and privilege consistent with respectable discipline. A certain code of choir rules should be drawn up with care and hung in a conspicuous place in the choir-hall. Serious and frequent infractions of these should be punished with proportionate severity. Connivance at violations of regulations is an infallible way to lose control of choir-boys. Where some system of reimbursing the boys is in use, fines for tardiness, absence, misbehavior, etc., may be imposed with good effect. "Reproof," says a director of long experience "should be administered in private." Mr. Curwen thinks well of the plan of an eminent choirmaster "who advocates a choir guild, and would have in the choir room a library, games, puzzles, foot-balls, bats and balls, Indian clubs and dumb bells." "Offensive manners," once wrote a director of music in a cathedral, "on the part of the trainer quickly endanger the existence of the choir. . . . 'I cannot think why that boy does not sing in tune; I have boxed his ears,' said a cathedral organist to me quite seriously. . . . I fear there is a vulgar notion (only half defined, most probably) that irascibility in the musical trainer is a mark of genius."

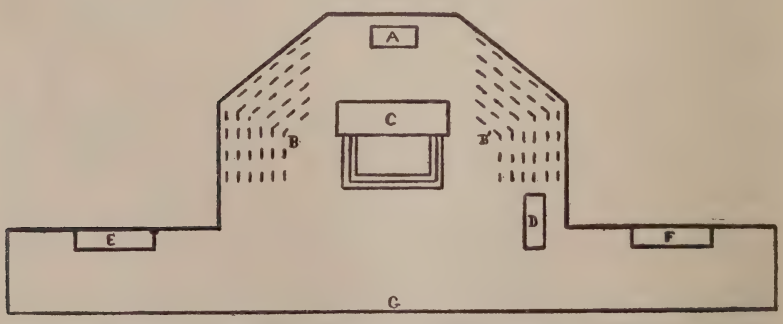
The importance of maintaining *intelligent* discipline cannot be overestimated. Corporal punishment and rough treatment of any kind are among the elements which tend to disband a choir. Mr. Henry Duncan, a New York choirmaster, writes of "The Real Choir-Boy neither an Angel nor a Deliberate Sinner—Just a Boy." We refer our readers to an instructive and amusing article under this naïve title, in the New York *Sun* of April 17, 1904.

The number of rehearsals, and the proper equipment of the rehearsal room fall to the second collaborator to discuss. But

the present writer has still another question to examine before this paper, already too long, can be concluded. It concerns the placing of the choir and the organ in the chancel. "But we have no chancels," is the first objection that confronts one here. Yes, it is true, we have few churches with this essential complement of a perfect church building; and, "Oh, the pity of it!" says one who knows, "they are building a $700,000 cathedral here in 'trade' Gothic; *and there is no chancel.*" But if we have not many deep chancels, we have at least sanctuaries of comfortable dimensions, and these can be made to serve the purpose. Of the two diagrams given here, Fig. 1 represents the ideal way of arranging the choir, and Fig. 2, a very satisfactory adaptation of our average sanctuary to the purposes of a choir.

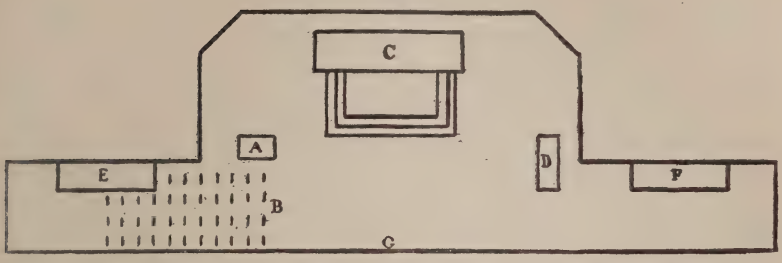
When the singers are seated according to the plan suggested by Fig. 1, the rubrical division of the choir into the two sections—*Decani* and *Cantores*—is observed; and the organist seated at the console behind the high altar, can see and direct both sides unobserved by the congregation. This plan is realized in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle (Paulist Fathers), New York, and in the Blessed Sacrament Church, Providence, Rhode Island. If Fig. 1 seems an impracticable diagram for most of our churches here, it must be said that there are very few sanctuaries (in city churches) that cannot easily and at a nominal expense be modified and rearranged to meet the specifications of Fig. 2. Where a very large chorus is to be employed, it may be found advisable to move the altar rail a foot or two, in order to secure comfortable

Fig. I.



A—Organ Console. B and B′—Choir. C—High Altar. D—Minister's Bench. E and F—Side Altars. G—Sanctuary Rail.

Fig. II.



A—Organ Console. B—Choir. C—High Altar. D—Minister's Bench.
E and F—Side Altars. G—Sanctuary Rail.

quarters to the singers. The letter A in both diagrams indicates the position of the keyboard or console of the organ; the organ pipes can be set up in any convenient niche—even in the gallery—where resonance will not be destroyed.

The art of organ building has made wonderful progress during the past few decades, and it is now a comparatively simple matter to put effective instruments into places that fifty years ago would have been considered irremediably unsuited to any kind of an organ. The invention and perfecting of the "tubular-pneumatic," and "electro-pneumatic" actions, have made it possible to separate the pipes from the console, or controlling-desk, at any distance; and we seldom hear in these days of any large organ that is not provided with a movable console. These recent developments of organ construction remove the obstacle which—if only the "tracker" organ were still known—would render the erection of sanctuary organs impossible in our ordinary churches. In churches where there are large transepts, the organ pipes can be very readily set up in these,—the entire organ in one, or the "swell" organ in one and the "great" organ in the other. Where there are no transepts or available niches, or no triforium, the pipes may have to be placed in the gallery. Even this arrangement proves very satisfactory. The hiatus between the depression of the keys at the console in the sanctuary and the speaking of the pipes in the gallery at the opposite end of the building, can be reduced to a minimum, and will rarely annoy an organist after he has become accustomed to it. There are some very-well-known organs divided in this way, notably the majestic instrument in St.

Bartholomew's Church (Episcopalian), New York, built a few years ago by the Hutchings-Votey Company of Boston. The specification of this organ includes fifty registers in the chancel division and forty-nine registers in the gallery division, with all the necessary combination push-knob and oscillating-tablet combinations, etc., and the entire organ is operated at one console connected with the organ by a flexible cable one hundred and fifty feet in length; the organ can be played from any part of the church. For those who think it a great disadvantage to have the organ built so high above the choir, we quote a comment on the new organ built at Symphony Hall, Boston: "It may be that the height gives it a clearer reflection from the roof of the auditorium, for we all recall some cathedral organs in Europe which are also built high above the worshipping congregations, yet reflect down their tones from the vaulted roof above with glorious power and perfect preservation of those minute vibrations (overtones) which constitute the quality of every musical tone."

Priests may well ask here about the expense incurred in fitting up churches with these chancel organs.[8] In answer to this question, it must be said that in very many churches the organs now in use are unnecessarily large. Although brilliant organs add an unmistakable charm to the musical performance, yet they are not *necessary*, and in treating of an outfit for conducting the musical services on the principles of the reform, we are speaking primarily of what is necessary. The writer saw the specification of a chancel organ recently built in a Catholic church by the Austin Organ Company; compared with the average gallery organs of our larger churches, this instrument is small, and yet it is more than adequate to accompany a choir of sixty voices. It is a mistake to think that we must have expensive organs of $12,000 and $15,000. There is no need for the fancy and costly orchestral stops—the *Tibia Plena*, *Tuba Sonora*, *Orchestral Oboe*, *Philomela*, *Hohlpfeife*, etc.—which are expected in the up-to-date concert organ. Our organs are intended to *accompany the voices*, and very inexpensive instruments can be made to serve this purpose satisfactorily.

[8] We call them chancel-organs, even if the pipes are in the gallery, for as far as the choir and the congregation are concerned, the music is practically emanating from the console in the sanctuary.

The initial cost of equipping the church with the various facilities for successfully carrying on choir work should be considered in the light of the increased attendance at the solemn services, which invariably comes with the introduction of a good boy-choir. The objection that "people will give up their pews when the mixed choir is disbanded" counts for nothing when compared with the fact that, *wherever a well organized, carefully trained and thoroughly equipped boy-choir has been introduced, the congregations at the musical services have become notably larger.* A prominent pastor of an Eastern diocese here, has written to say: "They may say what they like about boys' choirs not being popular, but we cannot seat the people at our High Mass, and all the other churches are half empty at High Mass." If a choir is conducted carefully and intelligently, it will pay for itself.

But it is time we concluded this paper; we cannot go further into these questions. In the preceding pages, the writer has endeavored, first, to point out that it is quite possible for most priests who have city charges, to organize and maintain the better and only desirable type of boy-choirs; and secondly, to offer to those interested some suggestions, gathered as far as possible from the most eminent authorities, which seem to bear closely upon the success of this reform movement in America.

Probably the thought that remains uppermost in the minds of those who have perused these pages, is about the choirmaster; "Where is he to be found?" We recall to our readers a sentence or two from the foregoing considerations. The average organist of our city churches, we said, will find the process of qualifying himself neither long nor arduous; he can in a short time familiarize himself with enough of the principles to make an intelligent beginning with a choir.

The Catholic musicians of the United States are talented and accomplished men, and can very readily fit themselves for successful work as the directors of liturgical choirs. And they will,—if the priests urge them! Let the clergy make it known that there is demand for well-qualified chancel-choirmasters, and the supply will come quickly.

WILLIAM JOSEPH FINN, C.S.P.

St. Thomas College, Catholic University.

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Scientific Novelty and Persecution.—So much is made of the persecution of scientists by ecclesiastical authorities at various times in history, that it is rather interesting to find a review of the subject of the persecution of scientific innovators, which shows that scientists themselves have always been most ready, not perhaps to burn and put to death, but to inflict almost as serious pain,—to deprive men of their means of livelihood and in other ways make clear how much they detested any attempt to persuade them that what had been generally accepted was wrong, and that a new doctrine must now take its place. At a meeting of the German Medical Society of New York, toward the end of the year, Dr. Achilles Rose read a paper on "Misokainia in Medicine," recently published in the N. Y. *Medicinische Monatschrift.* Long ago Lombroso pointed out the tendency that so frequently exists among men bitterly to oppose any novelty, no matter how true it may be. With his foreordained notion, Lombroso considers this to be pathological, a symptom really of mental disease, for which he suggested the name *Misoneism.* This is a barbarous term, however, and therefore not accepted by Dr. Rose, who has long contended that the universal language in medicine should be Greek, and who accordingly suggests a pure Greek derivative for the tendency he would describe; hence the term *Misokainia.*

Dr. Rose points out that even in our own century, when science has been supposed to be so ready to accept new elements of progress, scientific persecution has often been rife. One of the greatest and most successful investigators of the nineteenth century, a man to whom we owe the saving of more lives and those of the most precious kind, was Ignatius Semmelweis. Semmelweis was in attendance at the obstetrical clinic in the General Hospital at Vienna. The deaths from puerperal fever in that institution were simply appalling. In one year almost one out of

three of all the patients who came to the clinic died from this disease. It was ever so much more dangerous to have a child than to have an attack of the most malignant contagious disease. Semmelweis was an extremely sensitive man and this awful mortality gave him no rest. Finally he saw a colleague die from a wound made with a dissecting instrument. He realized that the picture presented was exactly that of a case of puerperal fever.

He gave orders at once that those in attendance on the obstetrical wards of the Hospital should not at the same time do any work in the pathological department or in the dissecting room. More than this, he insisted on absolute cleanliness of hands and instruments, bandages, dressings, and the like. This was all that was necessary. The mortality was at once lowered. In a few years it had sunk to scarcely more than three per hundred of the patients, and was constantly improving. His colleagues, however, refused to accept Semmelweis' ideas. Every one said it was foolish to think that puerperal fever came from without. The persecution became so bitter that finally Semmelweis had to resign his position and retire to his native city. Here, after five years, he was once more made the director of an obstetrical clinic, but the machinations of his enemies in the profession made life so bitter for him that he finally lost his reason and died in an insane asylum.

In this same regard it must not be forgotten that our own Oliver Wendell Holmes, who published material with regard to the same ideas as Semmelweis, met with no little opposition and with an amount of unbounded satire that rendered his professional life extremely unpleasant to him for several years.

Another great discoverer of the nineteenth century who was made to suffer for his novel ideas, was Robert Von Mayer, one of the first to suggest the doctrine of the conservation of energy. He had made his discovery as the result of what is called an accident, one of those happy accidents that happen only to genius. While drawing blood from a vein, in Java—he was at the time only a ship's surgeon—he noticed that the blood, instead of being dark, as it is in the Temperate zone, was quite bright red. He reasoned out why this should be. In the heat of the Tropics so much energy is not consumed as in cooler regions and, as a consequence, the oxidation processes, which make the venous blood

darker in color, are not carried out. He came back to teach this new doctrine of the conservation of energy, and found no one ready to accept it. He offered a paper on this subject to a number of scientific journals, but they absolutely refused to have anything to do with it, and in general he was treated as a man who harbored peculiar notions, somewhat as we might treat a would-be scientist or inventor who insisted that he had discovered how to square the circle or to demonstrate perpetual motion. Finally, Mayer had to print his pamphlet on the subject at his own expense. Where it was not utterly ignored, it met with disdain and contempt. This is all the more wonderful as a glance at it now shows how completely he had solved the idea of the conservation of energy and even acquired the notion of the equivalents of work and heat. After a time, so much bitter criticism accumulated with regard to the little monograph, that poor Mayer lost his reason and had to be confined in one of the old-fashioned insane asylums where they still used the barbarous methods of straight-jackets. Fortunately he lived to be restored to mental health and to have the satisfaction of seeing his doctrine generally accepted by the scientific world.

Some Failures of Scientific Prophecy.—The *American Inventor* of December 15th called attention to the fact that a number of the scientific prophecies which had been made by geologists with regard to the mineralogical conditions likely to be encountered in the Simplon tunnel, had proved to be entirely incorrect. For instance, it was confidently prophesied that as the excavation for the tunnel proceeded, it would be found that the strata near the centre of the tunnel would be more or less perpendicular and consequently very favorable for excavation. Instead of this, however, the strata proved to be almost or quite horizontal. This increased the labor of excavation and required enormous sums of money to make the roof of the tunnel secure. For this reason the pressure on the roof of the tunnel is very much greater than it would have been if the rock strata had been vertical. In one stretch of about a half a mile, the pressure was so great that no means hitherto employed were adequate to hold up the roof of the tunnel. Large tree trunks put in for supports were snapped and crushed. Finally, a whole system of steel vaulting had to be

built in this portion of the tunnel. Whilst this was being done, the work was extremely dangerous and the average daily advance was scarcely more than six inches where it had been expected that six yards at least would be the average rate of progress a day.

Conditions of temperature and water were found to be quite different from those that were looked for by the geologists consulted before the contract was undertaken. It was said that the highest temperature would probably not be more than 107° F. After some distance, however, a temperature of over 130° F. was encountered. Operations had to be stopped and a cooling-plant put in to enable the men to work. Scarcely was the cooling-plant in place before the temperature dropped back to about 100° F. of its own accord, making the expense that had been incurred for refrigeration almost useless. It was said that very little water would be struck on the southern or Italian side of the tunnel. But, as a matter of fact, an immense body of water had to be cared for from this end, and for many months now about 200 gallons a second have been pouring out of this side of the tunnel. Needless to say, the engineers in charge of the work have not been slow to express their feelings about the failure of the scientific prophecies in this case.

Theories in Heredity.—In his address[1] delivered before the Section of Zoology of the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis last autumn, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of Columbia University, the Curator of Vertebrate Palæontology in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, reviews certain interesting phases of the present position of theories of heredity. One of the most striking expressions used is that with regard to the law of saltation,—that is, the origin of species *per saltum*, by sudden jumps, rather than by any gradual evolution. As is well known, this was a favorite theory of the distinguished French zoologist, Gregory St. Hilaire. It is rather curious to find that the most modern work in biology should hark back far beyond Darwin and even beyond Lamarck to a thinker and worker of the eighteenth century. Professor Osborn says, "That saltation is a constant phenomenon in nature,

[1] See *Popular Science Monthly* for January, 1905.

a *vera causa* of evolution, no one can longer deny. Bateson shows that it harmonizes with Mendel's conceptions of heredity, and it may be regarded as *par excellence* the contribution of the experimental method."

It will be recalled that Professor Osborn, whose book, *From the Greeks to Darwin*, was widely read, and emphasized in many minds the gropings, more or less successful, of the thinking men of history with regard to the great problem of life, its origin and development, has insisted more than once that as yet *we are only on the threshold of any knowledge of evolution.* In this address he recalls vividly some of the reasons why progress has been so slow, and how many possibilities of error there are in the relations of created things that undo the most brilliant speculations. Referring particularly to his own science of palæontology, he said :—

"One of the two great ideas which we must employ in the interpretation of facts is the idea of analogy. We see far more clearly than Huxley did the force of this idea. Owen, Cope, Scott, Fraas, and many others, under the terms 'parallelism,' 'convergence,' 'homoplasy,' have developed the force of the old Aristotelian notion that analogy is a similarity of habit, and that in the course of evolution a similarity of habit finally results in a close or exact similarity of structure; this similarity of structure is mistaken as an evidence of kinship. Analogous evolution does not stop in its far-reaching consequences with analogies in organs; it moulds animals as a whole into similar form, as, for example, the ichthyosaurs, shark, and dolphins; still more, it moulds similar and larger groups of animals into similar lines or radii of specialization. Thus we reach the grand idea of analogy as operating in the divergencies or adaptive radiations of groups, according to which great orders of animals tend in their families and suborders to mimic other orders, and the faunæ or collective orders of continents to mimic the faunæ of other continents.

"Amid this repetition on a grand scale of similar adaptations, which is altogether comparable to what we know as having occurred over and over again in human history, the palæontologist as a historian must keep constantly before him the second great idea of homogeny, of real ancestral kinship, of direct blood descent and hereditary relationship. The shark and the ichthyosaur superficially look alike, but

their germ cells are radically different; their external resemblances are a mere veneer of adaptation so deceptive, however, that it may be a matter of half a century before we recognize the wolf beneath the clothing of the sheep, or the ass in the lion's skin."

After this sympathetic appreciation of the cause of error, it is not surprising to have from him a frank confession of the present limitations of knowledge even in his favorite science.

"Palæontology as the history of life takes its place in the background of recorded history and archæology, and simply from the standpoint of the human pedigree is of transcendent interest. Although it has progressed far beyond the dreams of Darwin and Huxley, the first general statement which must be made is that the actual points of contact between the grand divisions of the animal and the plant kingdom, as well as between the lesser and many even of the minor divisions, have yet to be discovered."

The Evolution of the Horse.—A very interesting article by contrast to Professor Osborn's address at St. Louis is that on the evolution of the horse, which he wrote for the January number of *Harper's Magazine*. While he is extremely conservative in his expressions to a body of scientists at St. Louis, no one can read his popular article without being led to the conclusion that much more is definitely known about the evolution of the horse than is actually the case. The beginning of that article would seem to indicate that this chapter in evolution is complete and absolutely certain. As a matter of fact, many prominent zoologists throughout the world refuse to accept the evidence for the evolution of the horse, and not a few of them have reëchoed the expression of Professor Fleischmann of Erlangen, who makes fun of the show-horse of evolution. Even Professor Osborn himself has a number of passages in his popular article that show the gaps in the succession of evidence necessary to make the evolution of the horse certain. We quote some of these:—

"Neohipparion was proportioned like the Virginia deer,—delicate and extremely fleet-footed, surpassing the most highly bred modern race-horse in its speed mechanism, with a frame fashioned to outstrip any type of modern hunting horse, if not of thoroughbred. . . .

"Both the 'forest horse' and the Neohipparion races developed extremes of structure which were apparently fatal to their persistence

under changed conditions. For this or for some other reason both races became extinct, while the Protohippus, of intermediate structure, survived. This animal appears to have passed through Pliohippus, or the Pliocene horse, into the direct lineage of the modern horse; but we have not yet succeeded in finding either a skull or a complete skeleton which can be absolutely proved to be immediately ancestral to the true race of horses.

"By far the largest species of either wild or domesticated horse known has been determined by Mr. Gridley in Texas, and has appropriately been called the 'giant horse' (*E. giganteus*). The grinding teeth exceed those of the Percheron draft-horse by one-third. And the other extreme is a diminutive horse (*E. montesumae*), discovered both in Florida and in the valley of Mexico.

"*All these animals were represented by single teeth, broken skulls, scattered bones, and other fragmentary remains.*"

It is the fragmentariness of the relics from which such wide conclusions are drawn that has aroused the ire and satire of Professor Fleischmann. It is hard to coördinate Professor Osborn's expressions as to the possible errors of analogy in palæontology with his enthusiastic claims for equine evolution.

At the close of the popular article there is an appeal to American fellow feeling for the strenuous early ancestors of the horse that is quite fetching:

"As if instinct with the present progressive genius of the country, these American animals seem to have set a more varied pace of evolution than the conservative Anchitherium and Hipparion of Europe, which Huxley mistakenly placed in the direct line of descent. The materials, in fact, present an embarrassment of riches. We find proofs of at least three and possibly four collateral lines of horses, large and small, fast and slow, the members of which were more or less intermingled in the 'pedigree' published by Marsh. We have to sift the real ancestors of our modern horse from these numerous collateral races, which have confused all the students of this subject. Out of the newer investigation there comes the feeling of probability rather than of certainty that the direct ancestry of the horse was in North America."

And yet after all this is said the horse is the only good (!) example of evolution that there is after half a century of investigation.

OUR CRITIC.

Jesuits in Germany.—The newspapers recently told us that "the last relic of Bismarck's legislation against the Jesuits has been removed, so that they are as free there as in this country."

But that is not so. Jesuits in Germany cannot yet live in community, nor found their colleges. However, it is true that Bismarck's State interference with religious liberty is now nearly all withdrawn. The Centre, or Catholic party, is working for complete liberty such as we know it. But among the bitterest and most excited denouncers of the modicum of liberty already gained for Jesuits, were many German university professors, with the famous Mommsen at their head.

France and Rome.—The New York *Independent*, mentioning the fact that two French bishops were summoned to Rome to meet charges, tells how "the French Government forbade them to go," and that "the indignation of the Government led to the introduction of the Bill abolishing the Concordat and separating Church and State."

"Indignation" implies that someone had offended. Was it the Pope, in summoning Catholic bishops to Rome? How does that read to awakened American minds? Or was there a breach of the compact of that French Concordat? Not so. The Concordat guarantees liberty to the Church for her actions, a something surely implying relations unfettered between heads of dioceses and the Pope in Rome.

Is it worthy of a serious American paper, glorying in religious liberty, to refrain (through a seeming irritability against "Ultramontanism") from a natural free sympathy with those who resist the turning of a Church into a department of State? Is it not clear to-day that the gagging or imprisoning of religion is an aim of the French attack on the Holy See for being the spiritual guide of the French Church, as surely as it was of the *Constitution Civile du clergé*, when Burke described that anti-Papal, State-subjugated system as a plan for having a race of religious slaves, subservient in morals and in thought to the powers that be, until just that time—not long in tarrying—when the State should decide to have no religion at all; and should come to prevent

anyone else having his religion. There is something strange, if not terrible, in the way our good Liberals play with Jacobinism and its plans for a new humanity where no human individuals shall have free life. But it would seem to be a hasty carelessness in the paper we have been reading. For it easily speaks of "Père Loisy,"—an expression not suggesting much first-hand knowledge of France; where, too, we are told that "900 priests *are said* to have withdrawn" from their ministry. Mr. Lyne, or "Father Ignatius," has just had his life published, wherein four hundred priests in England "are said" to have pleaded to be allowed to join this "Benedictine's" private Church. But these are light speeches, easily made; yet morally unlawful to make, without more than an *on dit*. Our confidence in his accuracy is not increased when, in the number of December 15th, our New York French informant declares (*à propos* of Canon Magnien's rather overdrawn account of "the semi-schismatic Catholic Church in the United States") that Father Elliott's *Life of Father Hecker* was suppressed.

That, for the writer, the definition of Papal Infallibility was a "political stroke" does not argue the sympathy necessary for understanding your neighbor, nor the historical knowledge giving a right to allude to what may or may not represent truth, but which is a solemn pronouncement on the part of a serious and most important body of men that they were dealing not with the world, where a man may lower himself to political strokes and jokes thereon, but with the means of guiding men in faith, to light our earthly path, and in laws of morals, to guide our steps therein.

Does the writer or his readers seriously believe that even those Catholics who hesitated as to the opportune moment for defining Papal Infallibility are not now as a body rejoicing in what so bound the episcopate to Rome, "the nurse of judgment," and the protector of the idea of spiritual independence?

Celibacy and the Revolution.—But what shall be said of another *Independent*, January 26th, already turned over by THE DOLPHIN? Like Luther's Reformation, as Erasmus scornfully said, everything in these ex-priest sort of movements ends in a marriage. And so youths, widowers, and many more, are to resign them-

selves to the gods of Greece; and the virtue admired by the heathen is to be scoffed at by non-Catholic Christians. Such a reproach indeed has been levelled at them before, by serious minds outside the Church. But, as has been suggested, a lewd fellow of the baser sort, and not the editor, may be responsible here. "How have you cheapened Paradise" is not a happy judgment on any of us responsible for lifting, heartening, strengthening our companions in life's struggle, so ready to fall, to give up, to yield. This sorry jester betrays himself—is it he again?—"Combes was an Assumptionist." He was not. "The men who have turned against the Church are the graduates of the" Catholic colleges. "A truth that is half a truth, is ever the worst of lies." And would he necessarily find a great argument against Lear in the "lust hard by hate" of a Goneril and a Regan? the truths of Cordelia?

Women, however, he says, are now emancipated; and like these first mentioned dames they will compel the Edmunds to listen to them. There'll never be a Jaques or an Antonio more. Benedick will be betrothed in the nursery, or taxed as a bachelor at school. And "we believe that the advancement of womankind will sound the death-knell of celibacy." Mrs. Poyser's humorous creator would say, I am not denying the women are fools, sure God Almighty made them to match—this man. If there is not laughter in him, he is certainly the cause that laughter is in other men. He has a fellow, did he know of it, in France, one of whose *fiches*, as an informer, reaches the epic of comedy in the mind of a disgusted but amused critic of *Le Journal des Débats*. "Colonel Donau," the anti-Catholic spy says, should be kept from promotion, because he "is backward from every point of view, even in his way of living in celibacy." A grave debate ensues: does this mean that the Catholic Colonel is blameworthily backward in coming forward for a wife, or in choosing a sort of clerical celibacy without any natural revolutionary compensations?

But did our own moralizing enemy of independent schools read, I wonder, the article in the same number of his review, on "Advertising the Gospel"? For, if products of the parochial schools have matched (alas!) his "marching advertised choir," and his "leading soprano," if not his "imported tenor," and his

"violin music and euphonious solos," they have never preached, and be-fooled us in a house of prayer, about "The Crack Detective," and "Justification, Adoption and Sanctification, with blackboard diagrams," or about "Noted American Gamblers at Monte Carlo," or "the Humor of Jesus," "Was Christ a Yogi?" or "God's little Boy." This fun is unprepared for in Catholic schools at least.

Spying on Catholics in their own Country.—France is not so funny, though, under Jacobins. The independence of mind they would cultivate is not visible in the following example of the spy Government—Freemason-system. It is worth again enshrining, —a *pièce justicative*, if ever there was one, to rouse to hatred of tyranny, as Burke was roused a century ago against informers and their suspects. The *Figaro* gave a facsimile reproduction of this letter—from a General Poigné:

"9TH ARMY CORPS.
The General.

TOURS, Aug. 29, 1904.
(Grand Orient [Freemason] Stamp.)
September 1, 1904.
No. 15015.

"DEAR BROTHER VADÉCARD:—

"I wrote a letter to General Brun, telling him that the post asked for by Captain Choquet will be vacant on December 30th, and again using my utmost influence. You know that General Brun replied that he was aware of Choquet's candidature, and that from the first he had considered it very seriously. I am not satisfied, and I am using *all my power*. I am continuing a vigorous fight against the Clericals of the 9th Corps. A few days ago I ordered a major and four captains of the 12th Poitiers Infantry Regiment to the East. I think that this produced a good effect. I have also proceeded to other measures, and the curés no longer dare to put in an appearance. Thanks to our excellent Brother Chevallier, and to other brethren of the 19th Corps, I am warned, and I can strike with certainty. Freemasonry will help me in the thankless task of *unfrocking* (ouf!!) my officers who are so hostile and so bound to Sarto. Thanks, then, to you all, and especially to you, dear Brother Vadécard: most heartfelt thanks.

"Your very devoted Brother,

"POIGNÉ."

Oh, for Burke again: "In this situation men not only shrink from the frowns of a stern magistrate, but they are obliged to fly from their very species. The seeds of destruction are sown in civil intercourse, in social habitudes. The blood of wholesome kindred is infected. Their tables and beds surrounded with snares. All the means given by Providence to make life safe and comfortable are perverted into instruments of terror and torment," till we come to universal subserviency with its "tendency to degrade and abase mankind, and to deprive them of that assured and liberal state of mind which alone can make us what we ought to be." Is not that a more manly, independent spirit? Anyone who reads something at first-hand from France might have come across *Merlin de Douai; un Jacobin d'autrefois.* He, too, is brought up by clerics, fed, clothed, and taught. He is devoted to them and to the King's rule, until the times did alter. A more fearful Vicar of Bray, he murdered friends and protectors, turned the vote for the King's death, directed massacres, and of course upheld Napoleon's stern vengeance on others like himself, when the end came to "l'assemblée de lâches que dominaient des brigands." Under that *Jacobin d'autrefois* all who had not constantly shown devotion to the Revolution were "suspects and liable to arrest, they and their families and friends." By this last clause the informers had at their fancy, the choice of victims, and the number; and informers, thanks to Merlin, then swarmed in France,—as they did under the ministry of M. Combes, which independent Americans are called on to admire.

> O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,
> And put in every honest hand a whip
> To lash the rascal naked through the world,
> Even from the east to the west.

Preparation for Disestablishment in France.—"Yet, if we have no chivalry among ourselves," said General Gordon, "let us go to our neighbors—in France." The age of chivalry is not gone, in that land of the missionaries. The unforeseen may happen there, as before. Two hundred thousand in a society like *La Jeunesse catholique* is a goodly number. If, to enthusiasm and chivalry and *élan*, there are added patience and steady action,

each in its place, wherever be the leader, then we may look for the best in France asserting itself, and sooner than we dare to expect. But as Yves le Querdec (M. Fonsegrive, editor of *la Quinzaine*) urges in his new book, *Le Fils de l'esprit*, it must be by working on individuals, on those near each of us,—Newman's well-remembered advice in the Birmingham lectures, under "Papal Aggression." We are so many, Yves le Querdec says; we have even done so much; and yet we have achieved so little. Above all, we have not yet gone to the people, not cared for them in their needs, still less in their ideals; and the clergy have not gone to the people. As Father Heuser writes in the February ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, the clergy, in America even, often stand aloof, find a difficulty in meeting laymen on an equal footing, where that were proper, and (for all the theory of coöperation) leave the danger increasing of a people apart from the priest. We must, says the Comte d'Haussonville, the well-known Catholic and member of the Academy, we must, when the Church is disestablished and the people are paying their priests, have laymen in the parish councils. So the clergy also declare. And one thing he added is, we must never have our priests paid directly by their parishes; but these must send their contribution to the central or diocesan fund, lest so-and-so, angry with M. le curé for the unfitness of his child for First Communion this year, avenge his foolish dignity by cutting off clerical supplies. The French Church has much to learn in this new age, if it knows more than does any of the rest of us. The Bishop of Orleans at the Catholic Institut or University lately in Paris urges French Catholics to see themselves as they are,—beaten, outcast. That is the first thing; even as German Catholics confessed under Bismarck. Then, have your leader and a social programme, a policy for the people, whose minds are set on a better time coming, and not all wrongly so set. If you do not care for them, you and your faith will disappear. What a gulf fixed between a good priest and the people I thought I caught a glimpse of, when the priest laughed heartily to me at the wild workmen's claim to have, over and above the necessities, something for amusements, something for the theatre. And the French theatre, like other French things, is in extremes,—very bad, but also very good. Everyone may have wondered at the art criticism of workingmen in Paris.

And now, who that wishes well, and without bigotry or levity, to France, but must care not to denounce her religion, but rather to understand, to sympathize, to admire, and to aid in all renewal for the souls, for the *soul*, of France?

A poor rough creature can say as much as that. France might have this nobler warning voice: "But manhood is melted into courtesies, valor into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue."

The Late Dictator in France.—M. Combes tells us, of course, that "this reform [his policy] is directed against a formidable power, the mysterious forces of the Church of Rome." As Burke said of the Merlin Jacobins, their work is a religious war; religion or anti-religion is the chief, not to say almost the sole, preöccupation of their minds and the ever-present business of their assemblies. France's late ruler wrote of himself, "Never has her Premier, inspired by the constant care for the peace of the world, been heard with more applause." The applause of men, freeing themselves from him somewhat, reached his American editor when going to print the now ex-Premier who, we are assured, "remains the chief factor in French politics." Perhaps so, in the sense marked by that old Republican *Journal des Débats* (January 20th), on "the 'Drunken Slaves,' the beaten Combists, who howled and yelled at the new anti-spy president of the Chambre." And "how," asks this paper, "have our public morals fallen so low, but by the effect of this state of mind which historians of our mentality will call Combism? It is that prime minister who is responsible; he who finding the country in a fearful state of moral disorder, cured not its wounds, but poured poison into them; waking up, so as to prolong his own miserable existence in power, the brutal instincts always slumbering in the darkness of men's consciences. He taught his majority to abuse its strength, and to despise right and justice and liberty and everything that makes a nation really great. . . . For many a long day we shall have to tell of the evil he has done *à l'âme française*." Or, as the *Independent* puts it, M. Combes will remain the chief factor in French politics.

Anent the Irish University Question.—Sir John Nutting, an Irish Protestant Baronet, has now offered £5000 to be given in scholar-

ships to pupils entering Trinity College from unendowed schools. These students would be chiefly Catholic, as the benefactor understands. He offers, further, £5000 toward building within the college walls the Catholic chapel proposed by the Trinity College authorities; if Catholic students go there in larger numbers.

Irish Catholic papers were respectful, and said they would hesitate to use the word "bribe;" though they thought the offers showed that their position was not understood. Trinity College, of course, accepted the offers. The Catholic Bishops, however, in a meeting at Maynooth, called them bribes, and declared that Trinity College, in its present state of exacting no religious tests, was for them the same as when it did exact religious tests. Any possible transformation of Trinity College, by Catholics being there, and ruling, was not contemplated in this letter of the Bishops.

Studies and Conferences.

"AVE VERUM CORPUS."

(A Translation.)

Some time ago, we suggested that in order to foster proper congregational singing and familiarity with the rhythms and thoughts of the liturgical hymns, Catholic school children should be taught the English versions of these hymns, and at the same we invited contributions from writers who felt the inclination and capacity to essay such translations. A number of these were subsequently published by us. Among them was a version of the *Ave Verum*, by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, written in the metre of the original. The following translation of the same hymn is sent to us by a Jesuit Father, well known as a writer who signs himself *John Maryson*:—

Hail! true Body, truly born
Of the Virgin Mary mild,
Truly offered, racked and torn
On the Cross, for man defiled;

From whose love-pierced, Sacred Side
Flowed Thy true Blood's saving tide:
Be a foretaste sweet to me
In my death's last agony!
O Thou loving, gentle One
Sweetest Jesus, Mary's Son!

SIX LIGHTS AT SOLEMN MASS.

C. H. B. asks the meaning of six lights at solemn Mass. "I have asked and looked in 'manuals' for an explanation, but find none to satisfy me."

The symbolic meaning of *six* lights, used at solemn Mass, is an extension of the symbolism represented in the *two* lights which are required for the ordinary celebration of the mystic

Sacrifice. According to the old liturgists,[1] the number *two*, that is, the two rows of altar candles, to the right and left of the crucifix, indicate the twofold revelation which God made of Himself in the Old and the New Testament, whose centre is Calvary. For the revelation or light of the Old Law leads us up to Christ and from Him the light of the New Law or Gospel is diffused on the other side. The two candles, therefore, illustrate the action of Christ crucified, as the Light of the world, illuminating the ancient nations by prophecy and through the Hebrew revelation on the one hand, and through the light of the Gospel on the other. Thus the altar of the Holy Sacrifice whose centre is the crucifix becomes the perpetual source of religious light.

By multiplying the lights on each side threefold, the triple source and gracious effect of this double revelation of the Old Law and the New are expressed and symbolized more perfectly and emphatically. *Three* is the perfect expression of the Divine action, as the source of revelation. Our knowledge of God is the knowledge of His threefold Personality, and that knowledge is strengthened by the impress of the Divine Trinity upon creatures. *Three* is the expression of matter in the three dimensions of length, breadth, height; *three* is the sum of time, expressed in past, present, future; and of created existence, expressed in birth, growth, death. It is the manifestation of the life of the soul as the image of the Holy Trinity, in the three faculties of memory, will, and understanding. Hence, in the Old Testament, it is the principal number upon which symbolical interpretation rests, as, for example, in the three divisions of the Jewish Tabernacle, indicating the threefold approach to God; the three veils or curtains of the sanctuary; the three pieces of its furniture, etc. In the same way three as the multiple of other numbers indicates different orders of perfection, as in seven $(3+4)$ lamps, seven breads, the various measures, 3×10, etc., to be observed in the construction of the Tabernacle.

On the other side, we have the idea of the Divine Light coming to us through a trinity of revelation in the New Law. The benedictions of the Three Divine Persons form the interpretation of the Cross to the Christian. He is baptized with the cross, in

[1] See Gihr: *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*, II ed., p. 319, note.

the name of the Holy Trinity; and every prayer, every action, every blessing that he receives upon himself and the things he uses, is introduced by the invocation of the Three Holy Names; it is from these that the Sign of the Cross, indicating the outward profession of faith, derives and imparts inward light and grace.

Thus the three lights on each side of the crucifix are, so to say, a solemn declaration that the Saviour of mankind, who died for us on the Cross, and who is daily offered on our altars, shed His light, not only through the prophetic utterances in the Old Testament, but through every form and action which served as a type of the Divine perfection, the Holy Trinity. And the benign influence of this Divine Trinity, lost in us by sin, is renewed by the Father's creation, by the Son's redemption, and by the Holy Ghost's sanctifying action. Thus we are restored to the likeness of the threefold Divine Light. This process of restoration to our triple perfection takes place at every Sacrifice of the Mass wherein we participate, allowing the Light, which came into the world to illumine our darkness, again to shine in our hearts by the application of the sacramental and sacrificial act.

"MY HOUR IS NOT YET COME."

(St. John 2 : 4.)

Qu. What is the force of the words spoken by our Divine Lord at the nuptials of Cana, when He said to His Blessed Mother: "My hour is not yet come!" (St. John 2 : 4), whereas He actually performed the desired miracle, and must have foreseen that He would do so, thereby indicating that His hour (for manifesting Himself) had come?

Resp. The actual meaning of the phrase is precisely the opposite of what it appears to be, and the doubt arises unquestionably from a defective translation of the original text. Tatian and St. Gregory of Nyssa render the words of the Greek in the interrogative form: "Is not My hour [that is, the time in which I am to manifest Myself] come?" This translation is that of Tatian's Arabic version, and is absolutely compatible with the original Greek of St. John, although our common version which omits the interrogative particle is seemingly more literal. It is well known,

however, that, as in our ordinary colloquialisms, the interrogative particle is often supplied by the inflection of the voice. By accepting this interpretation, which is perfectly justifiable on grammatical and logical grounds, the passage which precedes, and which has often been misunderstood, becomes at once intelligible. The Evangelist describes in simple language how our Lord replies to the anxious intimation of His Blessed Mother that there is not sufficient wine for all the guests. He says: "Woman, what is it to Me and to thee?"[1] These words, according to the Hebrew manner of speech, express, as the Protestant Dr. M. R. Vincent, in his *Word Studies in the New Testament*, admits, "a highly respectful and affectionate mode of address."

Properly rendered into English, they meant: Lady, My mother, be not concerned; the lack of wine need not trouble you or Me; for has not the hour come when I have to manifest My Divine Mission? I shall therefore relieve our host of embarrassment.

With this interpretation the words of Our Blessed Lady which immediately follow, are also clear: "His mother saith to the waiters: Whatever He shall say to you, do ye,"—showing that the rejoinder of her Divine Son had been a comforting and assuring one, instead of a reproof, as has been sometimes argued by Protestants, who translate the words not only literally, but in a sense which is actually misleading.

LEX AMANDI.

(Correspondence.)

DEAR SIR:—I began to feel just a little disappointment in reading the first part of the article entitled "Lex Amandi," but on getting into the chapter "The Perfect Way," which follows the introduction, my interest became gradually riveted, and I am expectant of rich spiritual as well as literary fare. In your prospectus, referring to the articles, you say "the author develops the principles of religious perfection applied to organized charity, with special reference to the *Social Settlement* Question." I wish and hope the writer will go fur-

[1] The Protestant version translates the expression: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"

ther. Organized charity and Settlement methods are, after all, only remedies for mistakes that have been made in certain conditions back of these methods: the home, that is, the family; the school, that is, the teacher; the Church (in its local sense), that is, the parish; in short, religion in the *life* of the people,—these are the topics which we need to study and discuss practically; and I trust the author of "Lex Amandi," who shows purpose of tracing the principles which bring our affections and passions into conformity with the Divine precept of charity, will touch upon and elaborate these subjects which the Settlement Question simply suggests. That would be laying the axe to the root. We can do little in the way of improving the masses by legislating against divorce or abuses of any sort, so long as the law is capable only of reaching the outside of the body social. What we need is education, reform from within, such as only Christianity by its doctrine and precepts is able to effect. I hope my suggestion will not be taken amiss by Eronomos.

A Critical Reader.

AFTER AUGHRIM.

The following attempt to cast into Virgilian metre the pretty Irish lines of Arthur Geoghegan, paraphrasing the words of the lover who at the bidding of his bride went out to Aughrim (*Each-Dhruim*) near Ballinasloe, in 1691, to fight "for the Green," is from the pen of the Rev. P. F. O'Brien, Professor of Latin and Greek at St. Thomas' College, Merriam Park, Minn. We gladly give it a place here, for it recalls the classic fancy of Father Prout, and many of our readers will regard it as a laudable effort to stimulate the study of the Latin tongue, the proper appreciation of which is gradually being lost in our modern education since we have begun to attend to novelties less worthy of a place in our college curriculum.

Arthur Gerald Geoghegan, born in Dublin, June 1, 1810, is the author of *The Monks of Kilcrea*, published anonymously in 1853, and translated into French in 1858. In 1861, he issued a volume of verses that had appeared in various magazines, chiefly in *The Nation*. "Arthur Geoghegan," says a recent critic, "would yet merit a place in any Irish anthology, for the sake of this little poem (*After Aughrim*), so poignant in feeling, so fresh and

fragrant in expression." He died in Kensington, on November 29, 1889, and was buried at Kensal Green.

Nenia Cannensis.

I.

An menti redeunt horae quas carpsimus olim,
An redeunt Lalage? Sponsus cum lene susurrans
"Num pergam aut maneam, Lalage?" responsa superba
Excepit: "Tu perge modo, ac pro Caesare justo
Arma cape et viridi pro signo nitere dextra!"

II.

Heu! nive tibi sunt crines, heu, pectora luctu
Plena dolent, Lalage! jussu puerine profecti
Poenituit Lalagen? At tu "Non," ore superbo,
"Namque foret satius cum Paullo[1] perdere vitam,
Quam viridi signo siquis serviret inulto!"[2]

P. F. O'Brien.

Merriam Park, Minn.

[1] . . . animaeque magnae
Prodigum Paullum superante Poeno.
Hor. I, 12.

[2] Do you remember, long ago,
Kathaleen?
When your lover whispered low,
"Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathaleen?"
And you answered proudly, "Go!
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green!"

Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,
Kathaleen;
Your heart is sad and full of woe.
Do you repent you bade him go,
Kathaleen?
And quick you answer proudly, "No!
For better die with Sarsfield so
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green."

AN INTERESTING "DIES IRAE" CONTRIBUTION.

To the Editor of THE DOLPHIN :—

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—I was much interested in the articles in the recent issues of THE DOLPHIN on the English versions of the *Dies Irae*.

Where no one seems to have succeeded, perhaps it will not be unpardonable for another candidate for failure to submit his attempt, although he has neither scholarship, nor a knack for verse, nor even a knowledge of Latin, to justify his presumption.

I tried only the first three stanzas, after reading the enlightening comments of Father Henry in the January number, but could not resist the temptation to try the second three when the February issue reached me.

I enclose two versions herewith.

I suppose the fault of these translations (if they may be called so) is that they rend the English without rendering the Latin, that they force the rhythm without persuading the rhyme, and dislocate construction without making a reproduction either vigorous in itself or faithful to its original.

A succession of jerks is a disconcerting substitute for the billowy rhythm of the Latin original; the too frequent mere alliteration of the final syllables is repetition rather than rhyme, and the confusion of tenses and profusion of participles is rasping,—like the voice of a great singer wheezing out of a phonograph. The reader of poetry can hardly be expected to forgive bad verse merely because the motive of the writer was good.

I do not apply these strictures to my attempt in order to forestall criticism of it, but to show you that I do not expect it to be taken very seriously. It seems to me, however, that, rough as it is, it sticks more closely to the original thought and excludes more rigorously what the original writer *might* have put into his poem but did *not* put into it, than many of the versions which you print. For this reason my versions might be suggestive to others possessing qualifications for the task of this difficult translation.

My honest reason, however, for sending them, is to be rid of them. When I read your January articles, the verses began to run (or hobble) in my mind, and, ever since, they have been teasing me like the "Age of Ann;" and unfortunately *this* puzzle does not yield an algebraic solution,—so there is no regaining my peace of mind but by dumping them on the unoffending but defenceless Editor.

I hope waste baskets will not be resurrected,—the thought suggests new terrors for the Last Day.

DIES IRAE. (No. 1.)

Day of wrath, that day involveth
Earth and heavens, to ash dissolveth,
David proveth, Sibyl solveth.

Trembling shall there be, and wailing
When the Judge shall come unveiling
Every heart's most secret failing.

Wondrous sound of trumpet quarrying
All earth's graves and all flesh harrying
To the throne—no flight, no tarrying.

Death and nature, stupefied,
See the dead revivified,
There to plead to laws defied.

Opened then the book ; recorded
There the sins, the merit hoarded,
Whence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge shall take the chair,
All things hid shall be laid bare,
Naught escape just vengeance there.

DIES IRAE. (No. 2.)

Day of wrath, that day consuming
Worlds to ashes flamed and fuming ;
David—Sibyl—speak the dooming.

All shall quake in consternation
When the Judge of all creation
Comes to make His strict scrutation.

And the trumpets wondrous sounding
Through the wide earth's tombs rebounding,
Gathers all the throne surrounding.

Death and nature stagger, viewing
All the dead their lives renewing ;
Life shall answer life's misdoing.

Then the book is spread, whose pages
Hold the record of the ages;
Merit crowns, gives sin its wages.

When the Judge shall take His throne,
All things hid shall be made known,
Nothing will the Judge condone.

EXPLANATORY.

I was in doubt as to the following variations which suggested themselves, viz.:—

"Brands" for "ash" in the second line of the first stanza of No. 1, making it read "Earth and heavens to brands dissolveth." Ash is a little too strong, being suggestive of the pinch of dust left in the chemist's crucible after a reaction; and "brands" seemed to be the nearest English equivalent of the Latin "favilla" as interpreted by Father Henry. But, on the other hand, "ash" seemed the more appropriate word to use with the verb "dissolve." If the verb had been one more suggestive of fire, I would have preferred "brands."

The second stanza of version No. 2 I thought of rewriting, as closer to the original, thus:—

How shall all things tremble, fearing
When the Judge in power appearing
Comes to hold that last dread hearing.

Perhaps it is better than the one used, but "fearing" is weak. If it could be "fearful," I would prefer the rejected stanza.

Of course, the meaning of the third line of the fourth stanza of No. 2, viz., "Life shall answer life's misdoing," is that an unending life of misery shall be the result of the evil we have done in our temporary life on earth, and involving its converse of an eternal life of happiness for a life of fidelity.

Perhaps "resounding" would be a better word than "rebounding" in line 2, stanza 3, version No. 2.

The meaning of line 3, stanza 1, version 1, viz., "David proveth, Sibyl solveth," is that the destruction of all things by fire on the last day will fulfil the prophecies of David and make plain (give a solution to) the obscure oracles of the Sibyl.

I originally wrote line 2 of stanza 4, version 1—"See creation vivified."

Peoria, Illinois. CHAS. H. MISNER.

Criticisms and Notes.

A SYSTEM OF METAPHYSICS. By George Stuart Fullerton, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University, New York. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Macmillan and Company, Ltd. 1904. Pp. 627.

The student who has received his intellectual discipline through neo-scholasticism, usually finds it no easy task to estimate fairly a modern work on metaphysics. How many soever books of this class he may have read, and striven to profit by, he almost invariably finds that the difficult process of adjusting his mental organism must begin all over again when the next treatise of the kind is submitted to his judgment. The reason of this lies, of course, partly in his training and consequent intellectual habits. Accustomed as he is to view philosophical subjects through certain rigorously defined concepts, categories, technical distinctions, and precisely formulated principles, he feels himself naturally awkward when obliged to move through mazes of thought where these signs and lines are unindicated or professedly ignored. On the other hand, the reason is not totally subjective. It lies just as much, if not more, in the character of modern works on metaphysics themselves. Each of them is written from the author's subjective standpoint, irrespective of any traditional philosophy. Each, therefore, is the expression more or less exclusively of an individual, embodies mainly his opinions and speculation, and differs correspondingly from every other work of its class. Nor is this individualism a mere contingency or the result of indifference to philosophical continuity. It is the deliberately studied and vaunted position of the writer in question. For, as Professor Royce, one of the ablest of modern metaphysicians, has recently said, "Agreement in opinion is not the goal of philosophy. That insight should more abound; this is the main purpose of philosophical inquiry. Insight, however, as it occurs in individual human beings, inevitably implies variety." The present reviewer is not here concerned to criticize this individualism. He is perfectly alive to what advantages it may possess, just as he is to the loss it entails to the philosophical organism.

He rather puts forward the above observation by way of apology for not giving an adequate critique of the work here under consideration.

After reading a great many of its pages, and rereading not a few several times, he feels that he can do no more than register a general opinion, and recommend the book to his fellow students for what it seems to him to be worth.

First of all, he finds in it a considerable amount of metaphysical, but just as much, if not more, of epistemological and psychological speculation. The *metaphysics*, indeed, are sufficiently evident, but the *system* not so. Nowhere does he read what the author means by *metaphysics*, what is its subject-matter; how, by what method, such a science, if so it be, is or should be constructed; what are its organic parts; what are its relations to other sciences or disciplines, or what its purpose and value. And yet one might fairly expect some information on these subjects from a work entitled *A System of Metaphysics*.

Secondly, in view of the bulk of the book—a feature to its credit, for large subjects should be largely treated—one might desiderate, if not an analytical table of contents—there is, indeed, a fair index—at least an occasional summary of the matter treated. The reviewer has been able to find but one such aid—though there may be another or two that escaped him—and he hails that one gladly, because it affords a survey of the author's standpoint. The conclusions reached at the opening of Chapter VII are these:—

"(1) The real external world is a complex of consciousness-elements; (2) when we speak of our consciousness of it, we recognize that what we actually have in mind is a compound of sensational and of imaginary elements, the latter largely predominating; (3) but we do not think of imaginary elements, as such, actually entering into the composition of the real world,—we see that the only elements which really fit into the system are the sensational elements; (4) it seems to follow that the real world which we are discussing is a complex of sensational elements and of none other."

Thirdly, lest the reader should infer from the first observation made above that the volume is untrue to its title, a brief presentation of its systematic arrangement is here subjoined. The book contains four parts, dealing respectively with the content of consciousness, the external world, mind and matter, other minds, and the realm of minds. Under the first part are discussed the mind and the world in common thought and in science; the inadequacy of the psycho-

logical standpoint; and how things are given in consciousness the self, the knower.

The second part includes an explanation of what is meant by the external world; sensations "and things"; appearance and reality; Kant's and Berkeley's doctrine of space; time; the real world in space and time; and the world as mechanism. The main topics of the third part are materialism; the atomic self; automatonism; parallelism; realism and idealism; the world as unperceived and the "Unknowable."

To the last part are assigned such topics as the existence of other minds; their distribution; the unity of consciousness; the sub-conscious mind; mental phenomena and the causal nexus; mechanism and teleology; fatalism, free-will, and determinism; God.

A glance over this outline shows that the material of the system embraces the facts of consciousness, their largest groupings: matter, mind, and self, other minds and God. Into an examination of the treatment of these vast subjects it is impossible here to enter with any satisfaction to the reader. Suffice it to add that, whilst the reviewer finds himself at variance not only with the fundamental standpoint of the work, and with very many of the statements it contains, he cheerfully and gratefully confesses that he has derived from its reading, in the first place, no little profit, especially from its criticisms, which are keen, sound, and good-tempered; secondly, a good deal of pleasure,—a resultant not usually expected or derived from a system of metaphysics. The author moves with ease and grace over slippery ice, proving himself equally steady in plain, and adroit in elaborate, movements. He absolves himself too easily, indeed, from what one may justly conceive as falling amongst the metaphysician's duties,—that, namely, of basing on rational principles the existence of God and the soul's immortality,—handing over, as he does, these most vital subjects to the domain of faith and hope. The distrust of reason in the face of these problems is, however, common to all distinctively recent metaphysics, and is the logical consequence of the subjectivism introduced into modern philosophy by Descartes, and made permanent by Kant. The present author's sin, if so it be, is therefore specific rather than individual.

The reviewer unhesitatingly recommends the work to students of philosophy—advanced students, for only such can profit by it—as stimulating to thought, and instructive as regards a system held and, it may be presumed, taught by a distinguished professor at one of the leading centres of learning in this country.

LAST LETTERS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY. With an introductory note by the Rev. John Gray. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904. Pp. 158.

THE YOKE OF CHRIST. Readings intended chiefly for the sick. By the Rev. Robert Eaton, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. First Series. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1905. Pp. 208.

NIGHT THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK AND DESOLATE. Second Series. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1904. Pp. 130.

A HUNDRED READINGS INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR THE SICK. London: Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 222.

A few years ago, there died in Menton, in southern France, a young English artist whose versatile genius had given promise of great work in the field of both letters and pictorial illustration. In the midst of a brilliant career came the shock of a first hemorrhage of the lungs and forced him, at the age of twenty-three, into comparative solitude. The place of his many friends in the gay world, whose society might have cheered him only to feed his vanity, was taken by one in whom artistic sense and love for the beautiful were regulated by a keen appreciation of Catholic truth, and who, during the few years which remained, managed to infuse into the life of our invalid a kindred feeling together with a spirit of trustful gratitude which, whilst it eased the troubled hours of the patient by drawing him out of himself, brought to him the consolation of a happy death in the true fold of Christ. The "Letters" here gathered together are written, almost all, to this one congenial yet earnest guide, and they cover a space of less than three years. The earlier correspondence consists simply of brief notes, addressed to "My Dear Mentor," signed "Télémaque," but, as the exchange of thought and feeling proceeds, the letters become longer, indicating a gradual growth of grateful attachment on the part of young Beardsley to his noble friend, whom he knows later on only by the term of "My Dearest Brother."

From the literary point of view there is nothing remarkable in these letters, except that they give evidence, as Father Gray expresses it in his preface, "of a keen intelligence concentrated upon its utterances without *arrière pensée*." They are records of a transition through which a soul capable of high cultivation passes from hopes set on earthly enjoyment into the region of spiritual motives revealed amid the stress of gradual humiliation. "Aubrey Beardsley might,

had he lived, have risen to a height from which he could command the horizon he was created to scan. As it was, the long anguish, the increasing bodily helplessness, the extreme necessity in which some one else raises one's hand, turns one's head, showed the slowly dying man things he had not seen before. He came face to face with the old riddle of life and death; his soul discovered needs which unstable desires had hitherto obscured; he submitted, like Watteau, his master, to the Catholic Church." The Fathers of the London Oratory, to whom from the first he had been recommended, undertook the spiritual care of the sick man:

"Father B. [Bowden?] has just sent me an admirable little manual of Catholic Belief, and has invited me to send for him whenever I have any questions to ask. Thank you many times for your letter so full of sympathy and encouragement. You will forgive me for being sometimes peevish and complaining, but really it is hard to remain quite tranquil with so many setbacks."

In course of time, he made his profession of faith.

"I feel now like someone who has been standing waiting upon the doorstep of a house upon a cold day, and who cannot make up his mind to knock for a long while. At last the door is thrown open, and all the warmth of kind hospitality makes glad the frozen traveller."

The last letter, written some two weeks before his death, reveals the lasting effect of the change:—

"Thank you very much for your letter and the little book for the month of St. Joseph which I will read with you day by day through March [he died on the 16th]. . . . I am in better spirits, indeed very happy at times, for I have really great cause to be thankful for this latest trouble. I have been reading a good deal of St. Alphonsus Liguori; no one dispels depression more effectually than he. Reading his loving exclamations so lovingly reiterated it is impossible to remain dull and sullen. I believe it is often mere physical exhaustion more than hardness of heart that leaves me so apathetic and uninterested."

The reader whose attention has been directed to the above series of *Last Letters*, will perhaps realize what a difference there is between the sympathy that comforts a sick friend with flowers and sweets and kindly diversions, and that wiser and more effective friendship for the sufferer which knows the secret of converting his pain into joy, and which turns endurance into gain of life eternal.

In the matter of converse with the sick we all find it so much easier to ask questions of a patient about his ills, and how he came to get them, and what hope the dŏctor gives, than to speak of hopes of heaven, and directly to inquire how the soul may be helped. We have no hesitation about selecting an illustrated newspaper or a maga-

zine that tells of things passing by which the sleepless hours of the sick chamber may drag less wearily along,—and there is mercy and kindness in all this; but it is not the sole or best sympathy that a Christian can show to a brother or sister for whom God has ordained suffering as a means to reach more safely life's true end. If we find it difficult to talk of spiritual things to the sick—and it is one of the most difficult things to do wisely and with good effect—we might often put them in the way of reading that which will supply the defect of a well-meaning sympathy.

The fact remains, however, that with the best intentions we may yet experience considerable difficulty in procuring such spiritual reading for the sick as will not become a strain upon their nerves. A "pious" book is more or less irritating to most people who are in need of piety, whilst a novel, however good and edifying, if it is at the same time more than ordinarily interesting, is apt to stimulate overmuch the attention and curiosity of a weakly-sustained nervous system; and whilst such reading conveys perhaps to the devout reader who is in good health those motives which he or she can fashion into active resolves, it will leave the bed-ridden patient merely in a sentimental attitude, which is likely to pass with the occasion that aroused it. The quality of reading which, apart from special needs, best serves the invalid who is in condition to read, or to listen to the lecture of good books, is the brief story written in sympathetic strain, and of the sort in which the lessons are suggested rather than long-drawn-out. But such books are as rare as they are precious. Whilst to relieve the sickness and bodily stress we have the pill-makers and truss-makers, and intelligent nurses, all of whom devise ever new methods for accomplishing their end; and whilst there are gentile shroud and coffin-makers inventing patents to prepare us properly for death, as to the body, the spiritual physicians and undertakers rely upon moods and prayer-books, which do not always properly respond to the actual need.

Father Eaton has wisely given his attention to this department of spiritual wants and managed to supply it in a suggestive way by his "readings for the sick," to which, in view of what sickness is to the Christian, he gives the appropriate and beautiful name of *The Yoke of Christ*. Suffering is, indeed, the yoke of Christ, as rightly interpreted and understood; and Father Eaton teaches us its promised sweetness by means of brief readings in which Scripture is made the basis and background of practical reflections, leading the mind of the

sufferer to see the designs of God outlined by affliction. Each chapter comprises a simple meditation, detached, that is to say, chosen without particular attention to connected sequence of thought, but offering morsels of divine truth in a certain desultory fashion which suits, as a rule, best the fitful spiritual appetite of the sick.

For a practical reason, namely, to recommend such books, since they contain an available variety of material which one naturally looks for when in need of reading-matter for the sick, we recall a similar volume, published some time ago by the same author, serving the same purpose. *A Hundred Readings* was published in 1901, and those who know and like it, will be apt to look for this later one, and *vice versa*. With these two books naturally fits in a small companion volume of thirty-one short meditations, entitled *Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate*. Of this there has also been a former volume in the same order. "Their one object is to illustrate the truth that a day of pain well borne for the cause of our Lord, or a day of hard and often distasteful toil, carried out with no relish and little or no apparent result, is by no means a day lost, but one full of merit in the eyes of God, and very sure of reward." So when evening is come, we are bidden, so to speak, by our Lord to pass over to the other side and to review the labors of such a day as we shall look upon them in eternity, or, as the author expresses it, resting "beneath the shadow of the trees in Paradise." Other similar volumes are in preparation.

We take occasion in connection with this theme to recall here a volume also published some time since, *The Day of an Invalid*, by the Abbé Henri Perreyve, which combines devotion and reflection by drawing the thoughts of the invalid toward the sanctuary, where the Divine Mysteries are being celebrated daily. It is a series of readings in the more fervid style which tends to attune the soul to suffering and to instruct the mind in the true values of pain for eternity. The book was written by one who had experienced all the bitterness of constant suffering, together with the sweetness, which its proper use brought to his soul. The translator is Father Bruneau.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Bell in the Fog: Gertrude Atherton. *Harpers*. $1.25.

Ten stories, nine intended to shock or to scandalize all sane readers, and one on the well-worn theme of the reappearance of an ancestral type, comprise this volume. One attempts to justify the behavior of a physician who deliberately withholds a remedy from a patient because he thinks her death desirable.

Bucking the Sage Brush: Charles J. Steedman. *Saalfield*. $1.50.

A simple account of cowboy life on the Oregon trail thirty-five years ago, with many illustrative anecdotes, and accompanying statements of profit and loss, making it useful to those interested in the history of cattle-breeding in the West.

Captain of Men: E. Anson More. *Page*. $1.50.

An Assyrian general exiled by his jealous king takes refuge in Tyre, and forces his services upon a merchant who holds Miriam, a cousin of David, son of Jesse, in slavery. The merchant's daughter, an evil creature even for her time, pursues him, and when convinced that she cannot succeed casts herself into the arms of Moloch. The descriptions of heathen orgies are horrible, but they are not made attractive, and the exceeding ugliness of heathen life is forced upon the reader's mind.

Charms: Lord Iddesleigh. *Lane*. $1.50.

The villain, wishing to obtain the fortune of a girl whose father refuses his proposals, gives her powders wherewith to charm her father's affections, and when he dies and the girl is arrested, hides himself. She is condemned as a murderess, and at the last moment he confesses. Life at the court of George Second and the strange character of the King are described, chiefly with reference to the King's whimsicality.

Clansman: Thomas Dixon, Jr. *Doubleday.* $1.50.

The author sets forth the Southern view of the reconstruction period, the deeds of the Ku-klux Klan, and the reasons why they were necessary to the preservation of civilization. His account varies very little from that given in the Northern novel, "A Fool's Errand," but he lauds what its author condemns. Warm praise of Lincoln, a dark portrait of Thaddeus Stevens, and commendation of President Johnson are the striking points in the political passages. A criminal episode makes the book unfit for young readers, but it is addressed to voters and to mature women.

Clock and the Key: Arthur Henry Vesey. *Appleton.* $1.50.

The lost jewels of Beatrice D'Este and a wonderful casket containing them, after lying concealed for centuries, become the centre of a modern love-story in which an Italian duke, a simple lover, and a great collector contend for the prize. After a prolonged contest, unalleviated by any scruples worth mentioning, the author leaves all of them happy.

Closed Book: William Le Queux. *Smart Set.* $1.50.

A book which poisons whosoever turns its leaves; envenomed points in stair-rails; a vial of poison and its antidote; and a hidden treasure of gems once the property of Lucrezia Borgia, are among the properties of this piece of contemporary melodrama. It is over-wrought, and hardly worth reading as literature, even if it were freed from its indirect attacks upon Pope Alexander VI.

Dear Fatherland: Lieut. Biltse. *Lane.* $1.50.

A repulsive picture of squalid and profligate life asserted to be that of the German officer of small means. It is a shade less spiteful than its author's first book, but duller, and more offensive to good taste.

Despoilers: Edmund Mitchell. *Cassell.* $1.50.

Two wills figure in this story —one, made under a misapprehension, disinheriting the testator's favorite nephew; the other stolen, forged, and stolen again, to the loss of its maker's widow and her daughter. The sufferers from the two wrongs are brought together in a natural way, and in due time the villains are confounded.

Fair Land Tyrol: W. D. McCrackan. $1.60 *net.*

History and legend and modern anecdote accompany detailed descriptions and good pictures in this book, which may be used either as a guide or as a home amusement.

Fortunes of a Free Lance: Alfred G. Lawrence. *Saalfield.* $1.50.

A very long biography of an Englishman of doubtful birth and small fortune, who fights under many masters and dies fighting after killing many of his enemies and making some friends. It is a fairly truthful picture of Eng-

land and France in the fourteenth century.

Garden of Allah: Robert Hichens. *Stokes.* $1.50.

The title is a name for the Sahara, in which the entire action passes. The heroine, a steadfast but not very devout Catholic, discovers that the man whom she has married in spite of instinctive repulsion, and in spite of the warnings of a simple but clear-eyed priest, is a recreant Trappist. Her influence over him suffices to take him back to his monastery. The tale is prolonged by reiteration of trifles and is too intimate in its revelations for perfect decency, but it is not frivolous.

House of Hawley: Elmer Elliot Peake. *Appleton.* $1.50.

Southern Illinois is the scene and the chief characters, white and black, have the feelings and standards of their kind in the Southern States, the head of the house going so far as to forbid the marriage of his favorite grandchild to a Republican. The villain, a black murderer, is the centre of the strongest action of the story, and the author, although he describes many excellent and admirable blacks, finds them repulsive in the aggregate.

In the Arena: Booth Tarkington. *McClure.* $1.50.

Ten stories of politics, painting the politician as black but not too clever to be outwitted.

Lady Penelope: Morley Roberts. *Page.* $1.50.

A romantic and very ingenious comedy in which a modern Portia endeavors to reform and improve all her suitors, and at last marries one, binding him to secrecy and refusing to tell his name. The result is endless confusion, in which her aunt, a garrulous Duchess, her cousin, a naughty but nice boy, and wild excursions in auto-cars, are equally prominent.

Morganatic: Max Nordau. *Lippincott.* $1.50.

The author gives the history of many morganatic marriages, binding them together by the kinship of the husbands, and contrasting the foolish widow, intent upon obtaining an empty title, and the sensible unacknowledged wife who works and teaches her daughter to work.

Mysterious Disappearance: Gordon Holmes. *Clode.* $1.50.

A baronet's wife leaves her home to visit her sister, and does not return. The police, with no proof that she is not living, decide that she is murdered, and impede an amateur detective's efforts to explore the mystery. The secret is well guarded to the end, but the detective is unreal.

Mysterious Mr. Sabin: E. Phillips Oppenheim. *Little.* $1.50.

The chief character uses empires and kingdoms as pieces to be pushed about on the political chessboard, planning sufficient alliances and quarrels to obtain the restoration of the French monarchy. The Russian and German spies and diplomatists are amazingly unscrupulous and clever, and the political scheming is quite plausible enough for hasty readers.

On Etna: Norma Lorimer. *Holt.* $1.50.

Sicilian character and customs and the fascinating beauty of the Etna region are the author's chief interest. Her heroine, the daughter of the Protestant owner of a Sicilian estate, refuses to marry an impoverished Sicilian prince, and has her kidnapped by brigands. The chief takes her from the prince when he finds that she is not a voluntary prisoner and she falls in love with him, and mourns him when he is captured. She is put forward as eccentric, but the other characters are meant to be typical.

Secret Woman: Eden Phillpotts. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

A woman of a violent temper, generally controlled, kills her husband when she detects his intrigue with an unknown woman. She wishes to give herself up to justice; her sons differ as to her duty and the matter remains in dispute for a long time, one of the sons paying court to the woman who is the cause of the crime. Events make it possible for the murderess to carry out her wish, and at the end of her term of imprisonment she enters on a peaceful life in the companionship of her son. The history of the secret woman's family, a blameless tale, runs beside the darker chronicle, and her share in the latter is known to her victim.

Silence of Mrs. Harrold: Samuel M. Gardenhire. *Harper.* $1.50.

The commercial aspect of the drama and the slavery in which actors are held by the combined managers furnishes the leading interest for this story, but it also discusses the question of a wife's right to keep secrets from her husband. It is much better than "Lux Crucis," and its history of an attempt to reform the stage is excellent.

Slanderers: Warwick Deeping. *Harper.* $1.50.

Gossips of the deliberately malicious species found in the Elizabethan drama are represented as appearing in the present day, separating a married pair, and giving the unsuspicious one an opportunity for happiness after the death of the other. It is wilfully ill-written with elaborate parade of reference and allusion and no regard for syntax or the meaning of words.

Specialist: A. M. Irvine. *Lane.* $1.50.

The consulting room and private office of a surgeon bound nearly all the action of this story, in which especial effort is given to describing the feelings of a patient compelled to choose between certain death in a few weeks and an experiment that may cure and may cause death in a few hours. The vagaries of foolish patients and the freaks of childish patients, and the surgeon's mental and spiritual history are described with French minuteness.

Two Captains: Cyrus Townsend Brady. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

One captain sails with Nelson, one fights for the French Republic, the two contend for the hand of a French girl of noble birth, and Nelson and her grand-

father, a former vice admiral of the French Navy, supervise the contest. The Frenchman is a cowardly, treacherous brute and the Irishman is very near perfection. The story is written either without care or with an incompetent amanuensis, and abounds in errors.

Winged Helmet: Harold Steele Mackaye. *Page*. $1.50.

The story of a noble lady o the time of Francis First, and o the many perils through which she passes before marrying happily. The fighting is almost incessant, but very little real history comes into the book.

Literary Chat.

In the February "Literary Chat" we stated that there is no complete biography of Montalembert; we meant, of course, in English. A correspondent calls our attention to the recently published life of Montalembert by R. P. Lecannet, of the French Oratory, which merits to be translated.

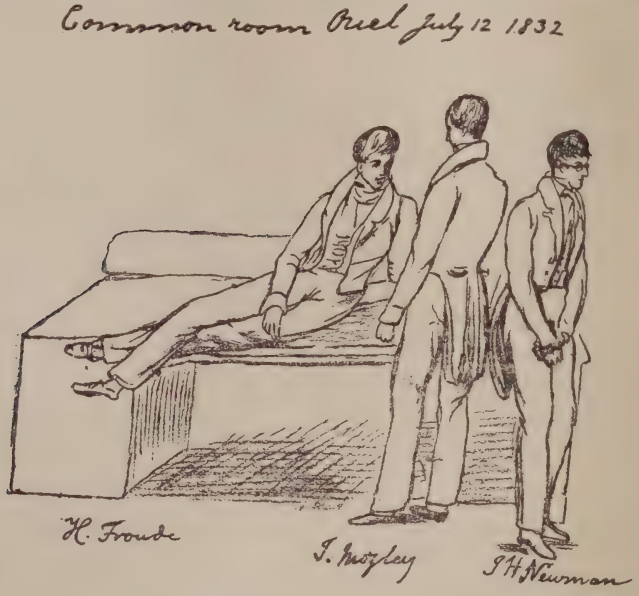
The Review of Church Music (St. Francis, Milwaukee), is a monthly journal intended to aid our clergy, organists, choir-directors, and singers, toward conforming to the prescriptions of the *Motu proprio*. More than twenty years ago, the able director of the present enterprise undertook the publication of a similar paper called *The Echo*, which eventually had to be suspended through lack of support. Since that date the number of resident pastors who have church choirs and schools has fully doubled, so that there is a greater guarantee of success for a music journal of this kind, independently of the fact that the interest in the subject has become of more decided importance through the Pope's action, as well as through the gradual passing away of the impediments which missionary conditions naturally imposed upon the ancient and approved observance of the liturgy.

The Wiltzius' *Catholic Directory* for the United States and Canada for 1905 is a valuable improvement on the hitherto available sources of Church statistics. It contains not only complete reports of all the dioceses (clergy, religious communities, schools, charitable institutions, etc.) in the United States, including the new territories of our jurisdiction (Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands), but also Cuba, Canada, and Newfoundland, besides those of Great Britain and Ireland. In addition there is a good statistical survey of the Mexican States, those of Central America, West Indies, Oceanica, and the European States,—that is, Austria (Hungary), Germany, Holland, and Switzerland.

Pastels is the title of a handsomely printed volume (pp. 196) of French essays over the classical signature of Henri D'Arles—Père Henri Beande of the Dominican Order, unless we are much mistaken—published by Daniel Wien (Libraire-Éditeur, New York). The topics range over a wide and multiform field of devout meditations, literary critiques, scholastic reviews, and æsthetic chat. The author shows fine taste in the disposition of his material, and the capacity for taking a practical view of things not French, when dealing with such subjects as *Collèges Américains*.

Miss Guiney's volume on Hurrell Froude (Methuen & Co., London) gives two pictures of the subject of her "Memoranda and Comments," both unfinished but both probably the only ones in existence. One is Hurrell as a child, a portrait sketch by the Royal Academician, William Brockedon, the other a pencil sketch by Miss Giberne, a friend of the Newman family, a romantic, animated young art student whose interest in the Oxford Movement had gained for her the sobriquet "Queen of Tractaria."

Of the sketch, which we here faithfully reproduce, Miss Guiney writes: "There in the handsome lady's sketch-book is Hurrell, smoothly, almost infantinely, mischievous, with one obedient Mozley to listen and abet; there is Newman, at an angle of the ottoman, distinctly not surveying, with fond adoring gaze and yearning heart,



his friend (as he says he does in a poem, part of which, at least, was written that very week [July, 1832]), but back to back with him, sulking furiously and putting on a silent stare which sufficiently expresses human disapproval; that little sudden void stare, entirely characteristic, as of one who is forced to survey, for the time being, an endless vista of Siberian snows."

"More and more," said a prominent educational leader at the recent Religious Education Association in Boston, "we have come to see within the last few years that the problem of the family is the *crux* of modern civilization." Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, makes this topic the exclusive subject of a Pastoral Letter, "The Christian Home," which is to be read in all the churches of the diocese. The whole matter is brought into some forty pages of a well-printed pamphlet, divided into

sections under distinct headings. These are to be distributed in such wise that a part of the instruction may be read on each Sunday from Sexagesima to Holy Week. The points covered are,—The Home; the Church and the School; God and the Home; Paganism and the Home; Mere Dwellings; Husband and Wife; Parents and the Home; Woman and the Home; The Child; The Enemies of the Home (Civil Marriage and Divorce); The Tenement; Intemperance; Household Duties; Adornment of the Home; Literature of the Home; Domestics; The Home and Society. The thoughts which the Pastoral suggests merely in outline, leave the expositor free scope to expand according to local needs and circumstances. What a splendid success Catholic influence would record throughout the land, if word went out simultaneously from the chief pastors to all the Catholic teachers in the land to dwell simultaneously on one such topic in pulpit, platform, school, and press! And what other organization on earth could, if it would, effect such combined and salutary a movement to improve home, and, with it, society?

An eminent statesman of the last century has said that no man can lay claim to true culture unless he has read Dante. After that, one must read him a second time, until the full sense of his thoughts has been mastered, and then you will understand the secret and principle of true greatness. With a quotation from Tommasio to this effect Bishop Spalding introduces Father Rivard's well matured *Views of Dante*, a series of lectures, dealing with the ethical, doctrinal, and æsthetic aspects of the *Divine Comedy*. The language is good, the thoughts are better, and both are superior to the style in which the book is made up, although one can hardly point out any other blemish except the unwashed type in parts of the volume. There are few reasons in these days of excellent mechanisms why such a book should not avail itself of the best form of typographical art.

Last year the eloquent Abbé Janvier took *La Liberté* for the subject of his Lenten Conferences in the famous basilica of Notre Dame in Paris, where Père Lacordaire, half a century ago, had drawn together the army of Catholic men who reanimated the faith of France by their organized works of charity. These Conferences are now published in a good-sized volume (P. Lethielleux, Paris). The author deals with the historical, philosophical, and theological aspects of human Freedom. He refutes the old objections raised against the control of the Church and such doctrines as are implied in the *Syllabus*. Incidentally he criticizes the teachings of the Abbé Loisy, M. Réville and other noted apologists who have departed from the approved traditions of Catholic orthodoxy.

Ben Hur, which, owing to its author's recent death, has become a fresh topic of literary chat, was first published by the Harpers, in November of 1880. It is interesting to know from Mr. J. Henry Harper's account that the book had a poor sale in its first year. It gradually gained in popularity, until now its annual sales far exceed those of the earlier period. One noteworthy fact in connection with its popularity is that no "cheap edition" of the book was ever published; whence it may be inferred that the intrinsic merits of the book once being recognized, it kept its dignified level in the mind of the reading public. To the Catholic reader the story of *Ben Hur* is far from satisfying, because the author does not reach the lofty concept in which the tradition of the Church and our daily worship picture to us the Holy Family; but,

apart from this, the charm of scenic description and the noble motive that pervade the whole narrative act upon the imagination of the ordinary reader in a beneficial way, and he learns to appreciate Christian virtue, albeit on a somewhat lower plane than that to which devotion toward the Virgin Mother of Christ and her chaste spouse, St. Joseph, is capable of lifting mind and heart.

Darley Dale (Francesca M. Steele) writes an interesting paper in the February number of *The Month*, on William Nassington, a writer who lived during the latter half of the fourteenth century, and who was a follower and ardent admirer of Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, one of the greatest early English poets, as well as a mystic and theologian of good repute.

The same issue of this conservative and representative magazine, which bears the impress of that fine type of cultivated Jesuit whom one meets with in England, contains a timely article by Father Sydney F. Smith, entitled *An International Catholic News-Agency*. The writer dwells on the constant misrepresentations of Catholic doings to be met in the popular press. Usually these misrepresentations are about things that are reported to occur in some distant part whence they are cabled as "news." It is not always possible to verify or refute such statements; but the question is, do we do enough to ascertain and make known the real truth about these unsavory reports? Referring to the splendid work of the English Catholic Truth Society, Father Smith says: "Some years back it recognized the need, and by this time it has produced quite a little library of publications in which the more notorious and influential of these Protestant fictions are investigated. Still there is much more left to do, and the difficulty is now not so much in circulating the information when it has been obtained, as in obtaining it in an accurate and properly authenticated form, and this before the flight of time has rendered it useless. What we need in fact is some world-wide organization with its centre in Europe and its agents in every part; with leaders having the needful zeal and capacity for a work so complicated and wearisome; and with agents, too, not chosen haphazard, for it is wonderful how few people are capable of estimating the true value of evidence, of distinguishing between first-hand testimony and hearsay reports, between plain statements and colored representations; but agents in whose insight, industry, and candor implicit trust can be placed." The object of Father Sydney Smith's article is furthermore practical. He not only points out the need, but also calls attention to a very excellent beginning that has already been made, "indeed to a scheme which has already got into working order and extended its operations to the greater part of Western Europe. This is the *Central-Auskunftsstelle der Katholischen Presse*, (*Bureau Centrale de renseignements pour la presse Catholique*), *i.e.*, *Central News-Agency for the Catholic Press*, which was established a year or two back in Germany, and is under the Presidency of Dr. Kaufmann, Weismes-Faymonville, in the Governmental district of Aachen. It includes within its scope all kinds of attacks made on the Church by her enemies,—on her clergy, her Religious Orders, her missions, her doctrines and institutions.

It seeks to establish gradually its subordinate agencies in the different countries, and has already done so in Austria, France, Belgium, and Spain. That the reports sent to it may be thoroughly authenticated, it endeavors to obtain them, as far as

possible, from the authorities themselves in Church and State, or, at all events, from well-informed Catholics whose testimony can be trusted; and here, too, it has had a good success, a "large number" of Vicars-General and Catholic men of learning belonging to most of the European countries having promised to lend their aid by examining and attesting the accounts of local occurrences drawn up by the agents of the Bureau in their respective dioceses.

From the materials thus carefully gathered and sent to Dr. Kaufmann, he condenses short paragraphs which are quite admirable in their clearness of style, sobriety of language, and solidity of evidence. It is transparent, in fact, through their text, that we have in him one who has just the talent which is wanted for discriminating good testimony from bad, and discerning what the points are which we require to know in order to judge of the truth or untruth of an anti-clerical accusation; just the talent, too, for embodying the information to be communicated in concise statements which admit of being transcribed straight off by the organs of the Catholic press. And praise is also due to Dr. Kaufmann for another feature in his procedure. He realizes the importance of promptness in correcting a newspaper misrepresentation. His agents are set to work investigating as soon as ever the accusation is published, and with such success that not infrequently he is able within a very few days to give the results of the investigation in the (more or less) fortnightly lithographed papers which he sends to his subscribers and agents. And, as in Germany, and to a less degree in France, this *bureau de renseignements* is now well known, and most of the Catholic papers subscribe to it, it is quite an ordinary thing for their columns to reprint its paragraphs, to the great relief of their Catholic readers, and to the great confusion of their calumniators.

"This outline will suffice to show what good work the C. A. has already done, and how much more it is capable of doing when its staff is more developed and its operations extended to all parts of the world. At present Dr. Kaufmann has no branch-agencies in the English-speaking countries, but only a correspondent or two in England itself, who have been able to supply him this past year with an item or two of information on English and Irish matters,—for instance, as to the Irish Catholic Association, which was represented in Germany, as in the (London) *Times*, as a league for excluding all Protestants from employment in Irish places of business. Very soon, let us hope, we may have agencies in this country, in Ireland, and in the United States, and likewise in South America, which, as we know, is a favorite dumping-ground for those who wish to locate their anti-Catholic fictions in some locality sufficiently remote. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that the expenses of an organization like the C. A. must be considerable if it is to go on and develop as it should, and hence that, in the present stage, any subscriptions sent to Dr. Kaufmann will be well bestowed."

Books Received.

NIGHT THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK AND DESOLATE. Second series. 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.: Catholic Truth Society. 1904. Pp. 130. Price, Three Pence.

THE YOKE OF CHRIST. Readings intended chiefly for the Sick. By the Rev. Robert Eaton, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory. With a preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. London, S. E., 69 Southwark Bridge Road: Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 389. Price, One Shilling.

"YOUTH." A Sermon by Dr. Bruehl. Manayunk, Philadelphia: Reichert. 1905. Pp. 7.

DAS LEBEN MARIÄ, der allerseligsten Jungfrau und Mutter Gottes. In Betrachtungen nach den Evangelien. Zur Erinnerung an das Jubiläum der Unbefleckten Empfängniss. Von Julius Müllendorff, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu. Mit Genehmigung des fürstbischöflichen Ordinariates in Brixen und Erlaubnis der Ordensobern. Innsbruck: Druck and Verlag von Fel. Rauch; New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. Pp. 235. Price, $0.75, *net.*

LA PENSÉE CHRÉTIENNE. Des Évangiles à l'Imitation de Jésus-Christ. Par Joseph Fabre. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1905. Pp. 656. Prix 9 francs.

EXPOSITION DE LA MORALE CATHOLIQUE. Tome II: La Liberté. Conférences et Retraite données a Notre Dame de Paris durant le Carême 1904, par E. Janvier. Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1904. Pp. 410. Prix, 4 francs.

CEREMONIAL FOR ALTAR BOYS. By Rev. Matthew Britt, O.S.B. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1904. Pp. 282. Price, $0.35.

ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR OF GREGORIAN CHANT. By the Rev. Norman Holly. New York: J. Fischer & Bro.; London: The Vincent Music Co., Ltd. 1905. Pp. 61.

PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Wilhelm Wundt, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Leipsic. Translated from the Fifth German Edition, 1902, by Edward Bradford Titchener, Sage Professor of Psychology in Cornell University. Vol. I. With 105 illustrations in the text. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1904. Pp. xvi —347. Price, $3.00 *net.*

PRE-MALTHUSIAN DOCTRINES OF POPULATION. A Study in the History of Economic Theory. (Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Vol. XXI. No. 3.) By Charles Emil Stangeland, Ph.D., sometime University Fellow in Economics. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Company, Agents; London: P. S. King and Son. 1904. Pp. 356.

UNGEDRUCKTE AKTEN ZUR GESCHICHTE DER PÄPSTE. Vornehmlich im XV, XVI und XVII. Jahrhundert. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Pastor. Erster Band: 1376–1464. Mit Unterstützung der Administration des Dr. Joh. Friedrich Böhmerschen Nachlasses. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung. Zweigniederlassungen in Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo. 1904. Pp. 347. Price $2.85 *net.*

LIFE, LETTERS, AND TRAVELS OF FATHER PIERRE-JEAN DE SMET, S.J., 1801 1873. Missionary Labors and Adventures among the Wild Tribes of the North American Indians, embracing minute descriptions of their Manners, Customs, Games, Modes of Warfare and Torture, Legends, Traditions, etc., all from personal observations made during many thousand miles of travel. With sketches of the country from St. Louis to Puget Sound and the Altabasca. Edited from the original unpublished MS. Journals and Little Books, and from his printed works, with Historical, Geographical, Ethnological, and other Notes. Also Life of Father De Smet. Four volumes. With Map and Illustrations. By Hiram Martin Chittenden, Major, Corps of Engineers, U.S.A., and Alfred Talbot Richardson. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1905. Pp. Vol. I—xv—402; Vol. II—403 to 794; Vol. III—795 to 1212; Vol. IV—1213 to 1624. Price $15.00.